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THE MERRILL READERS

THIRD READER

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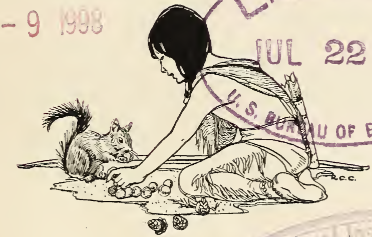

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RHODA CAMPBELL CHASE

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PREFACE

An appreciation of the best there is in literature is one of the chief aims of the reading lessons. It is therefore essential that the material used in every grade should have intrinsic value. It must be good literature and it must also be worth while for its own sake, from the child's point of view.

With this aim in view, the selections in this Third Reader have been chosen. They introduce the child to some of the best stories and poems to be found in the literature that is suited to his ability and experience in reading. Hero stories, myths, fairy tales, folk tales, and stories of children in other lands give the variety which the many-sided interest of young readers requires. Some of the stories are humorous, and some present ethical lessons in an effective way. The book offers an abundance of fresh and unhackneyed material interspersed with some of the classic selections that cannot be spared from a Reader that presents a representative collection for young children.

When children are using a Third Reader, they have probably reached the stage in their development when they make their most rapid growth in vocabulary. A large number of words in common use have become familiar to the ear. It is the function of the Third Reader to familiarize the eye with this vocabulary, and also to enlarge rapidly the number of words that the children can use and can recognize in print.

Another function of the reading lessons, at this stage, is to develop good conversational habits of voice and to provide the basis for conversation. Clear enunciation, good expression, and other pleasing qualities of voice should come naturally from the reading of appropriate and interesting selections and from spontaneous conversation about them.

By the time the children have finished the THIRD READER, they should have a fairly complete mastery of the technique of reading. They should know how to get the pronunciation of new words through their knowledge of phonics and their ability to apply it. They should be able to get the meaning of a sentence through silent reading. They should be able to grasp the story as a whole and to express it to others by reproduction and recapitulation. And in conversing after they read, the children should be ready to make use of experiences, observations, and applications suggested by the story.

This THIRD READER, then, has been prepared with these four purposes in view:

1. To provide reading material of intrinsic value that will be worth while and will contribute to an appreciation of literature.
2. To extend the child's knowledge of the printed forms of words that are familiar to him.
3. To exercise his powers of oral expression.
4. To assure his mastery of the technique of reading.

In the preparation of this book the authors have had the help of many experts in reading. Grateful acknowledgment is due, in particular, to Miss Louise M. Robinson of the Louisa M. Alcott School, Boston; Miss L. R. G. Burfitt, Principal of the Training School of the Normal and Industrial College, Milledgeville, Georgia; and Miss Edith A. Winship. Acknowledgment is made also to Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to use the poem "One, Two, Three" by H. C. Bunner and the poems by Robert Louis Stevenson; to the *Journal of Education* for Miss Kirkland's poem, "Christmas Bells"; and to D. Appleton and Company for the selection from *Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris.

F. B. DYER
M. J. BRADY

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THIRD READER

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Twelve wise men of Gotham once went fishing.

As they were going home at the end of the day, one of them said, "It is not always safe to go fishing in the river. I hope none of us has been drowned to-day."

"Ah, yes," said another. "Let us see about that. There were twelve of us when we came out."

Then each man counted, and they each found eleven men, for not one of them counted *himself.*

"Alas! alas!" said they. "One of us is drowned."

They went back to the river and looked up and down for their lost friend.

As they stood there, a man came by and asked what they were looking for, and why they were so sad.

"Alas!" said the men of Gotham. "We came to fish in this river. There were twelve of us, and one is drowned."

"Indeed," said the man. "Let me hear you count."

Then one of them counted eleven, but did not count himself.

"Well," said the man, "what will you give me if I find the twelfth man?"

"Sir," said they, "we will give you all the money we have."

"Very well," said he.

He began with the first man of Gotham and gave him a slap on the back, saying, "There is one."

Then he gave the next man a slap, saying, "There is two."

So he counted each man, till he had counted eleven. Then he came to the last one.

As he slapped this man on the back, he cried in a loud voice, "Here is the twelfth man."

"God bless you," cried all the men of Gotham. "You have found our lost neighbor."

An English Folk Tale

RHODA CHASE.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

THE PUMPKIN AND THE ACORN

One day a boy stood in his father's field, looking down at a pumpkin vine.

"That pumpkin looks out of place on such a small vine," he said to himself. "Now I should have put it on this oak tree. A strong tree like the oak ought to have a fine, large fruit instead of a little acorn, no bigger than my thumb. I think it was a great mistake not to put the pumpkin on the oak tree and the acorn on the vine."

Soon afterward the boy lay down under the oak tree to take a nap. As he slept, an acorn fell, plump on his nose.

"Oh! oh!" he cried, waking suddenly. "What was that?"

He looked around and found the tiny acorn.

"Well, well, well!" said he. "What would have happened to me, if the fruit of the oak tree had been as heavy as a pumpkin! I see that it wasn't a mistake, after all."

La Fontaine

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl,
All in the dark, along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books.

Robert Louis Stevenson

HOP O' MY THUMB

I

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife who had seven children, all boys. The man was a fagot-maker. Every day he went into the forest to get wood. Then he tied the wood into bundles and took it to market.

The fagot-maker and his wife were very poor. It was hard for them to get food enough to feed seven hungry children, and not one of the boys was old enough to earn any money.

The youngest boy was very, very small. When he was born, he did not look much bigger than one's thumb, so they called him Hop o' my Thumb.

He was a queer child. He seldom spoke a word, and every one thought he was stupid. The poor boy was blamed for everything that went wrong in the house.

One evening when the boys were all in

bed, the fagot-maker and his wife sat by the fire, with tears rolling down their cheeks.

After a while the man said, "You know that we are not able to feed our children. I cannot bear to see them starve to death, so I have made up my mind to lose them in the woods to-morrow."

"Ah!" cried his wife, "how can you think of letting our children get lost in the woods?"

Her husband told her again that they were too poor to feed the boys. She knew she could not bear to see them die of hunger, so at last she said that he might do as he wished.

Now Hop o' my Thumb had heard every word that his father and mother had said. He did not sleep a wink all the rest of the night.

II

The next morning as soon as it was light, Hop o' my Thumb ran down to the brook. He filled his pockets full of small white stones and then ran quickly home.

RHODA C. CHASE.

After breakfast they all went into the forest. They walked far into the dark forest before they stopped to get wood.

While the children were picking up sticks, their father and mother walked softly away from them and went home. The mother cried sadly all the way.

When the children saw that they were left alone, they began to cry. Hop o' my Thumb said nothing, but he knew very well how to get home. He had dropped the little white stones all along their path. There they lay, bright and shining.

He said to his brothers, "Do not be afraid, boys. Father and Mother have left us here, but I will lead you home."

They all followed him, and he brought them home by the very same path that they had taken in the morning.

The children were afraid to go into the house, so they sat down at the gate and waited to see if their father and mother would find them.

III

Now when the fagot-maker and his wife reached home, they found that a man had sent them some money. He had owed them the money a long time, and they had thought he never would pay it.

They were nearly starved, so the fagot-maker hurried off to the butcher's. He brought home a good supper, and his wife at once began to cook it. Just then the children came back and sat down at the gate.

When the supper was ready, the mother said, "Alas! where are our poor children

now? They might have had a good feast with us."

The children heard her, and they all shouted together, "Here we are! Here we are!"

She ran to the door. "How glad I am to see you, dear children!" she cried, as she hugged them all. "You must be very hungry and tired. Come in and have some supper."

IV

As long as the money lasted, the fagot-maker and his wife were glad to have their boys at home. But after a while the money was gone and they were nearly starved again.

Once more the fagot-maker and his wife made up their minds to lose their children. Hop o' my Thumb heard them talking about it, and he said to himself, "I will bring the boys home again just as I did before."

He rose very early in the morning to pick up some stones, but he found the door locked. "I must find some other way," he thought.

At breakfast the father gave each of the boys a piece of bread. Hop o' my Thumb did not eat his piece, but put it into his pocket.

When they went into the woods, Hop o' my Thumb walked behind the others. As he walked along, he dropped little bits of bread on the path.

The father and mother led the children into the darkest part of the forest and then crept softly away.

Hop o' my Thumb was sure he could find the way home. But when he looked for his bread, he could not see even a crumb. The birds had eaten it, — every bit. Poor Hop o' my Thumb! His plan had failed.

The children were very much frightened. It was cold and dark in the woods, and they thought they heard a pack of wolves coming to eat them up.

Hop o' my Thumb climbed to the top of a tree to see if he could find the path. He looked all around and at last he saw a light a long way off.

"Come along, boys," he said, as he jumped down from the tree. "We shall be all right now. There must be a house where the light is shining. We will ask the people there to take care of us for the night."

V

When the little boys reached the house where the light was shining, Hop o' my Thumb knocked at the door. A woman opened it.

"Dear lady," said he, "we have been lost in the forest. Will you please let us stay here?"

The woman began to weep. "Alas! poor boys!" she said. "Do you not know that this house belongs to a cruel ogre who eats up little children?"

"Ah! dear lady," said Hop o' my Thumb, "what shall we do? I'm afraid the wolves of the forest will eat us, if you will not let us stay here. Perhaps the ogre may take pity on us. Will you not beg him to be kind to us?"

The woman thought that perhaps she could hide the children from her husband till morning, so she let them come in.

As they were standing around the fire, they heard four great raps at the door. Thump! thump! thump! thump! The ogre had come home.

The woman quickly hid the children under the bed and then went to open the door.

The ogre came in, and after he had stamped around the room, he sat down to supper. He sniffed to the right and then he sniffed to the left. "I smell fresh meat," he said.

"It must be the calf that I have just killed," said his wife.

RHODA.CAMPBELL-CHASE.

"I smell fresh meat, I tell you," said the ogre, looking crossly at his wife. "You are hiding something from me." As he spoke these words, he crossed the room and looked under the bed.

"Ah, ha!" said he. "I see how you are trying to cheat me."

One by one he dragged out the children.

The poor boys fell upon their knees and begged him to be good to them. But this was one of the most cruel ogres in the world, and he had already made up his mind to eat the children.

He had taken hold of one of the boys, when his wife said to him, "Why should you eat them now? Will not to-morrow do?"

"Hold your tongue," said the ogre. "But feed them well so that they won't get thin, and then you may put them to bed."

The boys were so frightened that they could not eat a thing. They hurried upstairs and hid themselves under the bedclothes.

As for the ogre, he sat down at the table again, and ate and drank so much that he was soon very sleepy.

VI

Hop o' my Thumb did not go to sleep. As soon as he heard the ogre snore, he waked his brothers and told them to put on their clothes and follow him.

They crept down into the garden and climbed over the wall. All night they ran about in the forest, without knowing which way they went.

When the ogre waked the next morning, he said to his wife, "Go upstairs and get those young scamps."

But not a boy could she find! She looked here and there and everywhere. She was gone so long that her husband followed her upstairs. He found only the empty beds.

"Give me my seven-league boots," he shouted. "I will go out and catch the boys."

With these boots he could step from hill to hill and could cross wide rivers without touching the water.

By this time Hop o' my Thumb had found the path that led to his father's house. The children were almost home when they saw the ogre coming after them.

As quick as a wink, Hop o' my Thumb made his brothers crawl into a cave. Last of all, he crept into the cave himself.

The ogre lay down on the rock where the boys were hidden, and after a while he began to snore. The noise was loud enough to frighten any one, but Hop o' my Thumb was not afraid.

He told his brothers to run home while the ogre was asleep. "I shall come home before long," he said. "Do not be troubled about me."

They did just what he told them and were soon safe at home.

Hop o' my Thumb crept up to the ogre, pulled off the big boots, and put them on his own feet.

The seven-league boots were very long and very large. But they were fairy boots, so they could make themselves big or little, to fit the legs of the person who wore them. They fitted Hop o' my Thumb as if they had been made for him.

"If I take away these boots," said Hop o' my Thumb to himself, "perhaps the cruel ogre won't run after poor little children any more."

VII

Hop o' my Thumb then started off to visit the king's palace. The seven-league boots carried him there in a few moments.

He found every one in great trouble. They were troubled about the king's army, which was a long way off.

When Hop o' my Thumb heard this, he went to the king. "Oh, King," he said, "I will bring news from your army before night."

The king was very much surprised. "I don't see how you can do that," said he, "but if you do, you shall have a big bag of money."

Hop o' my Thumb put on the seven-league boots and off he went. That same night he came back with good news, and the king paid him very well for it.

Then Hop o' my Thumb went home. His father and mother and all his brothers were filled with joy to see him again. He bought a farm for his father, and after that they all lived happily together.

A French Fairy Tale

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not a-bed when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Ah-wan-ak lives in the Land of the Midnight Sun. He is one of the little brown Eskimo people who live in the white frozen North.

Ah-wan-ak has seen something that you have never seen. He has seen the sun shining at midnight.

For many weeks during the long, cold winter he does not see the sun at all. Ice and snow lie thick upon the ground, and it is very, very cold.

But when the sun comes back in the spring, it stays week after week. It does not go down even at night. So Ah-wan-ak can see the sun at midnight. That is why his land is called the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Nearly all the year Ah-wan-ak lives in a little house made of ice and snow.

I think you would not have an easy time if you tried to live in Ah-wan-ak's house. You would have to crawl through the door on your hands and knees. Even after you were inside, you could not stand up straight without bumping your head, unless you are very little.

You would miss the warm stoves that you have at home. The Eskimos have dishes of burning fat to give light and heat. They would seem very smoky and unpleasant to you, I am sure.

You would be cold, too. The house can never be very warm, for the lamp must not be allowed to get hot. If it does, the ceiling may melt and drip down on you.

But do you think Ah-wan-ak minds it? Not a bit. He is as warm as can be in his trousers and shoes and coat and hood of soft fur. When he goes to bed between warm fur coverlets, what does he care for the ice all around him!

There's one thing about this cold country that I know you would like. Ah-wan-ak has the finest sliding places you can imagine. Sometimes he uses a sled made of a block of ice, and he thinks it is the best sled in the world.

The Eskimo people have no horses, but

they have wonderful dogs to draw their sleds over the snow.

In Ah-wan-ak's home there are many little fat puppies to play with. Ah-wan-ak harnesses them to his little sled and drives them around. By the time he grows up, he will know how to drive the big dogs as well as his father does.

Ah-wan-ak must learn also to shoot an arrow and to throw a spear. He must learn to build a house out of blocks of ice, and to pile the snow around it to keep out the wind.

He must go with his father to hunt and fish, and learn the best places to find the deer and walrus and great white bear.

You see Ah-wan-ak is a very busy little boy, even if he doesn't have as many games and toys as we have.

Ah-wan-ak is a happy boy, too. He likes to live in a snow house, and wear fur clothes, and drive his dogs, and hunt and fish with his father. I suppose he would rather be a little Eskimo than any other kind of boy in the world.

THE STRIPE ON THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK

Once upon a time a queer thing happened. Day after day the sun hid behind the clouds, and all over the land there was a thick gray cover of mist.

The poor animals did not know what to do. You can easily see that it was hard to live without a sunrise and a sunset. No one knew when it was time to eat or sleep, or when he should go out to hunt.

The porcupine was the leader of the animals, and he was very good and kind-hearted. He knew that something must be done, for things were getting into a bad state.

He called the animals together and said, "Now, as you all know, we cannot tell when it is day and when it is night. Let us decide to have one thing or the other. Which shall we have, day or night?"

At this everybody began to talk at once. The chipmunk spoke up loudest of all. "Let us have day! Let us have day!" he cried.

"No, no," growled the bear in his deep voice.

"I like to sleep. Let us have night! Let us have night!"

The chipmunk kept on singing, "Let us have day! Let us have day!" And the bear kept on chanting in his deep voice, "Let us have night! Let us have night!"

They sang and they chanted, and they chanted and they sang, until suddenly the mist rose and the morning light began to show in the sky.

Then the bear thought that the chipmunk had won and he was very angry. With a growl, he rushed at the chipmunk to eat him up, but the chipmunk was gone like a flash.

He dived into his hole in a hollow tree, but he was not quick enough to escape the great paw of the bear. It scraped his back from head to tail, and ever since then the chipmunk has had a black stripe where the bear's claws struck him.

But you will notice that the world has kept on having both day and night, in spite of the little chipmunk and the big bear.

An American Indian Myth

WHY THE RABBIT HAS A YELLOW SPOT

I

Early every morning Rabbit went out to hunt, and every morning his grandmother waved him good-by from the door of their home.

One morning when he went out very early, he saw tracks on the snow. Some one had been there before him — some one with very long feet.

At night Rabbit told his grandmother about it. "I wonder who it can be!" said he.

The next morning he went out even earlier, but there again were the same long tracks on the snow.

"Grandmother," he said at night, "I must catch that person who hunts before I do in the morning, or he will get all my game. To-morrow I will set a trap."

But Grandmother was older and wiser. "No, my boy, I wouldn't do that," said she. "He hasn't done you any harm yet. Let him alone."

The next morning Rabbit got up very, very early. And what should he see but the same long tracks ahead of him!

This time he was very cross indeed. He waited until night and then he made a trap, right where the tracks had been.

II

Rabbit did not tell his grandmother anything about the trap, but very early in the morning he went out to see what he had caught. There it was! He had caught — the sun!

Rabbit ran home as fast as he could go, to tell his grandmother.

"Grandmother, oh, Grandmother!" he called. "I have caught the sun! What shall I do?"

"You have done very wrong, my boy," said his grandmother. "Go back and set the sun free."

Rabbit took his knife and ran swiftly back. The sun, when he saw him coming, growled at him, "Why have you done this? It is a great wrong. Come and untie me."

Rabbit meant to mind, for he was afraid of the great sun. He ran up towards the trap, but the sun was so hot that he turned to one side.

"Come," said the sun angrily. "This will never do. Come and untie me."

Rabbit was more frightened than ever. He tried again, but again he turned aside.

This time the sun roared so angrily that Rabbit ducked his head, stretched out the knife in his hand, and ran with all his might right up to the trap. He cut the string, and the sun rose into the sky again.

Ever since then Rabbit has had a yellow place in his fur just back of his head, where the sun burned him.

An American Indian Myth

THE FROGS AT SCHOOL

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.

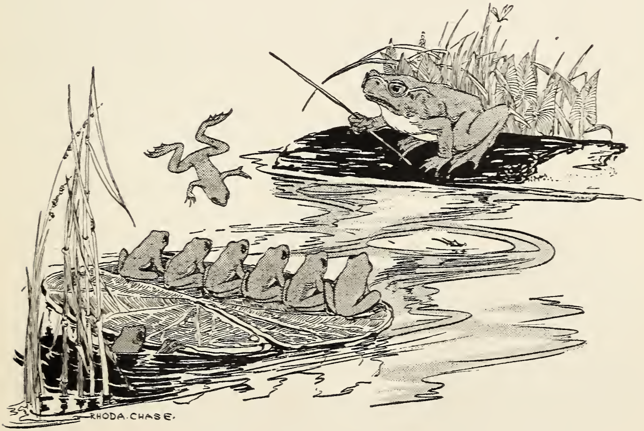
"We must be in time," said they.
"First we study, then we play:
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught the froggies how to strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggy ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.



A STORY ABOUT BRER RABBIT

I

One day Brer Rabbit was running across the fields like a race horse, and after him came Brer Fox. He followed so closely that Brer Rabbit had to run into a hollow tree. The hole was too little for Brer Fox to get in, so he lay down outside to rest.

While he was lying there, Mr. Buzzard came flopping along. Seeing Brer Fox stretched out on the ground, he said, "Brer Fox is dead. I'm so sorry."

"No, I'm not dead," said Brer Fox. "Old man Rabbit is shut up in here, and I'm going to get him this time if it takes till Christmas."

Then after they had talked a while, Brer Fox made a bargain with Mr. Buzzard. He was to watch the hole and keep Brer Rabbit there while Brer Fox went after his ax, so that he could cut down the tree.

By and by when all was still, Brer Rabbit crept down close to the hole and called, "Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox!"

Brer Fox was gone, and nobody said anything.

Then Brer Rabbit cried out as if he were mad. "You needn't talk unless you want to," said he. "I know you're there and I don't care. I just want to tell you that I wish Brer Turkey Buzzard were here."

Then Mr. Buzzard tried to talk like Brer Fox. "What do you want of Mr. Buzzard?" said he.

"Oh, nothing much," said Brer Rabbit. "Only there's the fattest gray squirrel in here that I ever saw. If Brer Turkey Buzzard were here, he'd be glad to get it."

"How's Mr. Buzzard going to get it?"

"Well, there's a little hole around on the other side of the tree," said Brer Rabbit. "If Brer Turkey Buzzard were here, he could take up his stand there and I'd drive that squirrel out."

"Drive him out then," said Mr. Buzzard, "and I'll see that Brer Turkey Buzzard gets him."

Brer Rabbit made a racket as if he were

driving something out and Mr. Buzzard rushed around to catch the squirrel. Then Brer Rabbit dashed out, and just flew for home.

II

By and by Brer Fox came galloping through the woods with his ax on his shoulder.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard, how do you think Brer Rabbit is getting on?" said he.

"Oh, he's in there," said Brer Buzzard. "He's very still, though. I think he's taking a nap."

"Then I'm just in time to wake him up," said Brer Fox.

He flung off his coat, and came down with his ax on the tree — pow! And every time the ax came down, Mr. Buzzard called out, "Oh, he's in there, Brer Fox. He's in there!"

Brer Fox chopped away at the hollow tree until by and by it was almost cut through. Then he stopped to rest and he happened to see Mr. Buzzard laughing behind his back. Right there and then he knew something was wrong.

Mr. Buzzard kept on shouting, "He's in there, Brer Fox. He's in there!"

All at once Brer Fox turned around and grabbed Mr. Buzzard.

"Oh, let me alone," cried Mr. Buzzard. "Brer Rabbit will get out. You're getting close to him."

"I'm closer to you than I'll be to Brer Rabbit this day," said Brer Fox. "Why did you fool me? I left you to watch this hole and I left Brer Rabbit in there. Now I come back and find you at the hole and Brer Rabbit isn't there. I'll make you pay for this. I'll throw you on a brush heap and burn you up."

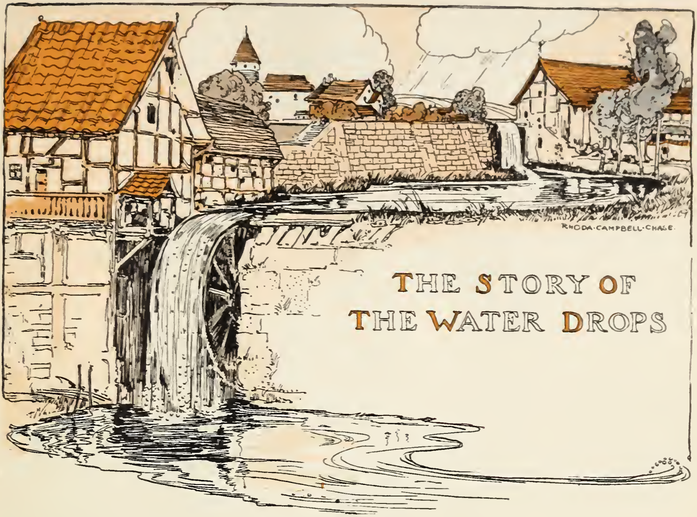
He grabbed Mr. Buzzard tight by the tail, but just about that time the tail feathers came out and Mr. Buzzard got away. He flew up in the air and Brer Fox just sat there and watched him fly out of sight.

Joel Chandler Harris (*Adapted*)

GOOD NIGHT

Good night, pretty Sun, good night;
I have watched your purple and golden light
  While you are sinking away,
And some one has just been telling me,
You're making, over the shining sea,
  Another beautiful day:
That just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
  At your face — beginning to say
"Good morning!" just when I say "Good night!"
Now, beautiful Sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you would say "Good morning" for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

Sydney Dayre



THE STORY OF THE WATER DROPS

I

In the early morning the hot red sun came up in the east. The sky sighed as it saw the sun rising, and far below in the ocean some little water drops heard the sigh.

"It is the sky," they said. "She needs us. The hot red sun has come up in the east. The sky is calling us. Come, let us go up to her."

"Come, let us go to her," said all the little water drops in their clear voices. Like a soft cloud, they rose up, up, up to the blue sky, and the wind bore them far away over the land.

II

In the heat of the noonday, the rivers and springs, the plants and trees, drooped and sighed together.

"It is so hot," the flowers murmured, and hung their heads.

"It is so hot," the tall trees sighed, and gave their leaves a tired shake.

"It is so hot," the river cried, and dragged itself along.

Far up in the sky, the water drops heard the sighs and looked down upon the dry brown earth.

"Come," they said one to another. "The earth needs us. The rivers and springs need us. Come, we must leave the sky and go down to them."

At this, the great red sun went behind a gray cloud, and the water drops fell in a cool shower to the earth.

III

The plants raised their heads. The springs bubbled up. The brooks and rivers danced and sparkled again on their way to the sea.

The water drops were glad to help. Laughing and chattering, they ran along with a little brook. They sang a merry song as they tumbled over the stones.

Other little brooks ran along with them and soon they came to the great river. Then the mill wheels turned merrily as the water drops gave them a friendly push.

IV

Far off the great ocean tossed and tossed and tossed. At last it heard the little water drops hurrying to meet it.

"Come," it cried in its great voice, like the sound of the waves upon the shore. "Come, little water drops. I need you. Hurry, hurry."

"It is our father, the ocean," said the water drops, one to another.

In their clear voices they cried, "We come, Father Ocean, we come"; and on they ran, faster and faster.

So at last the tired little water drops came back to the ocean, and with a lullaby the ocean rocked them to sleep.

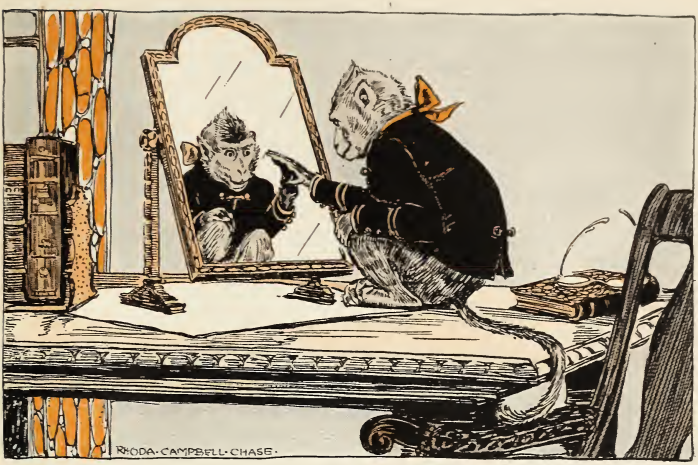
THE RAINDROPS' RIDE

Some little drops of water
  Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
  Once happened to agree.

A white cloud was their carriage;
  Their horse, a playful breeze;
And over town and country
  They rode along at ease.

But oh! there were so many,
  At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
  Those frightened little folk.

Among the grass and flowers
  They then were forced to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
  And carried them all home.



SNAP'S ADVENTURES

I

Snip and Snap were two lively young monkeys that belonged to two little boys.

One morning Snip was sent away to stay in the country. For a long time the other monkey sat still in a corner by himself. He felt very lonely. Where could Snip be?

Then all at once Snap gave a jump of delight. He had suddenly looked at a mirror on the table.

"There you are at last!" he cried. "I will punish you for hiding away so long," and bang he came against the glass.

He gave his head a rub. He looked again and there was the monkey rubbing *his* head.

"That is not Snip, to be sure," he said to himself. "Snip is not so large as that."

He put out his hand again and the other monkey put out *his* hand, too.

"How foolish of me!" thought Snap. "Of course he is behind that thing. I will see."

He looked behind the mirror and saw — no one at all!

This was very queer. He came back to the glass again and there, sure enough, was the monkey.

He made a face and the monkey made a face, too.

"Oh, ho!" cried Snap. "You make faces at me, do you?" Then he struck out his fist as hard as he could. This hurt his hand and he jumped off the table in a rage.

Soon he took another look at the mirror. There was the monkey sucking his fingers, just as Snap was doing.

And then he noticed a strange thing. The other monkey had a bright ribbon around his neck. Snap put his hand up to his own neck and there was a ribbon, too.

"Why, it's I myself," said he, and he smiled till his mouth spread from ear to ear. The monkey in the glass smiled, too.

II

The next morning Snap went into the dining-room to look for a cooky. He found a brown paper bag. "Here is something good to eat," thought he.

He worked away with his sharp teeth till he made a large hole in the bag. Some chestnuts rolled out.

"What funny little brown things!" said Snap. "They must be alive. I will catch one if I can."

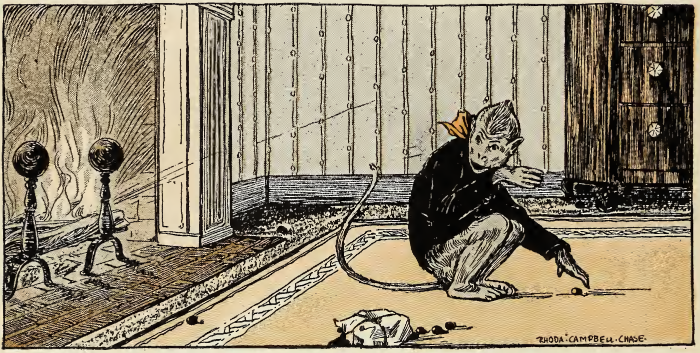
The chestnuts rolled away so fast that it really seemed as if they were alive.

At last Snap caught one and sat down by the fire to see what it was made of. He turned it round and round, and poked it and patted it and licked it. "Why, it is not alive, after all.

What a foolish thing!" said he, and he threw it into the fire.

Then he picked up the other chestnuts and threw them into the fire, one after another.

All of a sudden, he heard a loud noise. Something came flying out of the fire and hit him on the nose.



Then came a second pop, louder than the first, and a chestnut hit his cheek.

"Dear, dear," cried Snap. "They are alive after all. Oh, o-o-oh! Please do not hurt me. I will not touch you again."

Away he ran as fast as he could go, and pop, pop, pop, went the chestnuts behind him.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

NIMBLE-FOOT GRAY-WHISKER SUSAN

I

PLACE: A field; the Country Mouse's home
TIME: Tea time.

Gray-whisker stands at the door. Nimble-foot comes hurrying along.

GRAY-WHISKER: Ah, Friend Nimble-foot, I'm glad to see you. I was afraid you might take the wrong road and get lost.

NIMBLE-FOOT: No, indeed. A city fellow like me never gets lost. I've been around too much.

GRAY-WHISKER: Well, well, here you are, any way — and just in time for tea. Come in.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Tea, did you say? That is the best thing you could tell me. I am nearly starved.

II

PLACE: Inside the Country Mouse's home.
The mice sit down to supper.

GRAY-WHISKER: Let me give you some corn.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Just a little.

GRAY-WHISKER: And you must have some of this fine wheat. I got it yesterday at great risk.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Just a little. I do not care much for wheat.

GRAY-WHISKER: Perhaps you prefer roots.

NIMBLE-FOOT: No, indeed. I couldn't eat any more.

GRAY-WHISKER: But you've eaten nothing. I am afraid our country food does not please you.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Well, to tell you the truth, I never eat these things. You see in the city we live rather differently.

GRAY-WHISKER: I suppose you have fine things to eat there.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Fine things? My friend, you must come to the city. You must come back with me this very night. I'll show you something to eat that is better than ant's food.

GRAY-WHISKER: Oh, no! I couldn't, really! I've never been in the city.

NIMBLE-FOOT: All the more reason that you should come. We'd better be starting. Your roads are bad.

GRAY-WHISKER: Do you think I ought to go? Perhaps I shall like it after all.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Of course you will like it. Come, we must hurry.

Gray-whisker puts away his food carefully and they go out.

III

PLACE: A city pantry.
TIME: Late in the evening.

Nimble-foot and Gray-whisker creep in very quietly.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Sh! Don't make a noise. Now for a feast!

GRAY-WHISKER: Oh, my! Do you eat such things every day?

NIMBLE-FOOT: Poof! This is nothing. Have some cheese. Did you ever taste such jam as this?

GRAY-WHISKER: It is very good, I'm sure. But I know it would make me ill if I ate it every day.

They hear a noise.

NIMBLE-FOOT: Quick! This way.

They run out of the pantry.

NIMBLE-FOOT: You'll have to be quicker than that if you live in the city.

GRAY-WHISKER: What was it?

NIMBLE-FOOT: Oh, nothing, I guess. I thought it was the maid. Come, let's go back.

They start back. They hear another noise and run out again. Susan comes into the pantry with a trap in her hand.

SUSAN: Now, Mr. Mouse, we'll see if you'll eat up our cheese and jam. We'll see!

She leaves the trap and goes out.

NIMBLE-FOOT: All right, now we can go back.

Gray-whisker: No, thank you. I'm going home.

Nimble-foot: Going home? Why, we haven't had supper yet.

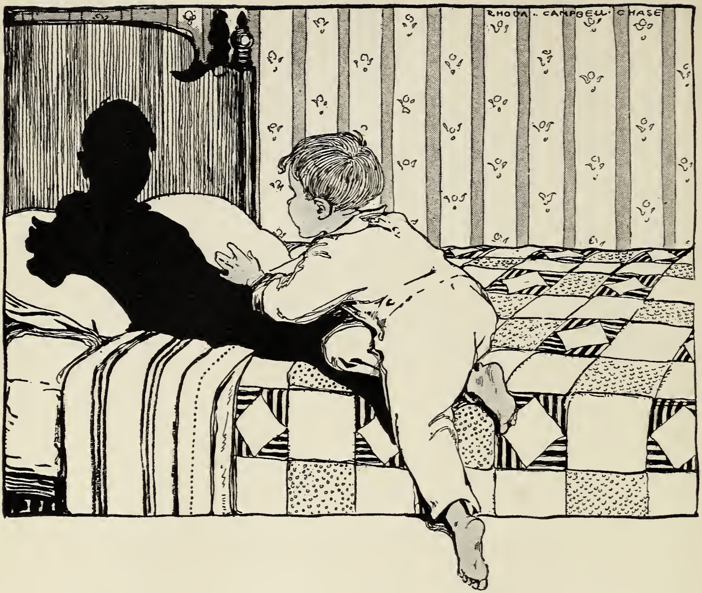
Gray-whisker: I've had enough, thank you. I do not care for your city food with its traps and maids. I'm going home to eat my corn and wheat in peace.

Based on Æsop

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

William Blake



MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he
likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always
very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an
india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought
to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort
of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you
can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson

THE STORY OF MOSES

I

In the land of Egypt, very long ago, there lived a cruel king, who hated the people of Israel. He gave orders that every one of their baby boys should be thrown into the river and drowned.

There was one little boy whose mother hid him until he was three months old. Then she found that she could no longer keep him hidden.

She made a basket of bulrushes, like a boat or ark, and rubbed tar and pitch over it to keep the water out. Early one morning she put her baby into the basket and laid it among the tall reeds that grew on the bank of the river.

The child's sister Miriam hid behind the reeds where she could watch the basket and see what happened to it.

Soon the king's daughter came down to the water and walked along the riverside.

She saw the little basket floating among the tall reeds and sent one of her maidens to get it.

When the basket was brought to the princess, the baby was crying, and she was sorry for the poor little boy.

Then Miriam came to the king's daughter and said, "Shall I go and call a nurse for the baby, so that she may take care of him for you?" And the king's daughter said, "Yes, go."

Miriam called her mother; and when her mother came, the princess said, "Take care of this child for me and I will pay you." So the baby's own mother took care of him for the princess.

The king's daughter adopted him as her son, and called him Moses, because this name means "I drew him out of the water."

II

When Moses grew up, he was often sad and troubled. He saw that his people had a hard time in Egypt and that the king was very cruel to them.

Moses went to the cruel king and asked him to let the people of Israel depart from Egypt; but the king would not let them go. He wanted the people of Israel to stay and work for him.

Again and again Moses begged the king to let them go; but still the king refused.

By and by a great deal of trouble came to Egypt. There were swarms of flies and frogs and other pests all over the land. The cattle died and the crops were destroyed. Many of the people fell ill and died.

The king thought that God was angry because the people of Israel had been treated so badly. At last he said that they might go.

So Moses and his people took their flocks and herds and departed out of Egypt.

As soon as they had started, the king was sorry he had let them go and he sent an army to bring them back. But God watched over the people of Israel and they escaped. The army of Egypt was drowned in the sea.

It was many years before the people of Israel reached the land which became their home. All this time Moses was their leader.

They had to travel through great forests and over high mountains. They had to fight many enemies. Often they lost their way. Often they were tired and hungry. They murmured against Moses and were ungrateful.

Moses was a wise and good leader. When his people complained, he tried to make them see how grateful they should be because they had escaped from Egypt. He gave them good laws and taught them to love God and lead good lives.

At last he led them to the beautiful land which became their home.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

I

The story of the first Thanksgiving Day begins far across the ocean in England, three hundred years ago.

At that time the king of England wished to have only one kind of church in the whole country. He gave orders that every one should belong to his church.

There were many people in England who did not like this. They thought they ought to worship God in the way that seemed right to them.

These people became very unhappy over their trouble with the king. Some of them even left their pleasant homes and went to Holland to live.

The people of Holland were kind to them, but the English did not feel at home there. The fathers and mothers were afraid their children would forget all about England and would even forget how to speak English.

At this time men were talking about a strange, new land, far away across the ocean. It was the land of America.

"Let us leave Holland and go to America," said the English fathers and mothers. "In that new land we can be free. We can worship God in the way that we think is right."

So a little band of men and women and children set sail from Holland. Their ship was named the *Mayflower*. They called themselves Pilgrims, because they were traveling far away to a strange country.

On and on they sailed for many weeks. At last they came in sight of land. How glad the Pilgrims were to see it!

It was a cold winter day, and the dark forests along the shore did not look a bit homelike. There wasn't a single house to which they could go. There was nobody to tell them anything about the country. The only people in all that land were Indians.

But the Pilgrims were not afraid. They cut down trees and built log houses. Some of the men caught fish and shot wild animals for food. They were all very glad to be in America.

The winter was long and cold, and the little band of Pilgrims had a hard time. They could not get enough to eat. Many of them became ill and died.

When spring came, the *Mayflower* set sail, but not one of the Pilgrims went back to England. They were brave men and women. They had come to make a home in the new land, and they meant to stay, in spite of sickness and suffering.

II

In the springtime the weather was warmer, and the Pilgrims were able to get more food. Some friendly Indians showed them how to plant corn, and little gardens grew up around the log houses.

When fall came, they had a great harvest of corn from their gardens, and the people were happy.

They were so happy and so thankful that they all wanted to have a great feast of rejoicing. "We must give thanks to God for His care and His kindness to us," they said.

The governor set a day for thanksgiving and all the people made ready.

Everybody helped to get the thanksgiving dinner. Four men went into the woods and shot wild turkeys and other birds — enough to last a week. Other men went out in boats and caught a great many fish.

The friendly Indians were invited to the feast and they wanted to help, too. They went deep into the woods with their bows and arrows and shot some deer.

There were only four women and a few young girls to do all the cooking. They set to work joyfully and baked bread and cakes and pies and all sorts of good things.

The first Thanksgiving Day was a real thanksgiving. All the people went to church in the morning. They thanked God for His care and loving kindness, for the good harvest, and for the right to live and worship as they thought best.

Then they had their great feast. What a gay sight it must have been! Ninety Indians were there in all their bright paint and feathers.

Games and merry-making followed the feasting, and every one had a good time. They had such a good time that the merry-making lasted three days. That is the longest Thanksgiving Day we have ever had in America.

The next year when the harvest time came, the Pilgrims again had much to be thankful for. The same thing happened the next year and the next and the next. Ever since that first Thanksgiving Day, the people in America have had so much to be thankful for that they have held a Thanksgiving Day each year.

ONE, TWO, THREE!

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer;*
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,

And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

HENRY C. BUNNER

THE STONE IN THE ROAD

I

Early one morning a sturdy old farmer came along the highway with his oxcart loaded with corn. "Oh, these lazy people!" he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it!" So he went on his way, scolding about the laziness of other people.

Then along came a young soldier with a gay feather in his hat and a big sword at his side. He held his head high in the air and sang a merry song. Of course he did not see the stone in the road, but stumbled over it and fell flat in the dust.

When he had picked himself up, he began to scold about the country people.

"The stupid things!" he said. "Don't they know any better than to leave a stone in the road?"

An hour later six merchants came down the road with their goods on pack horses, on their way to the fair. When they came to the stone, they carefully drove their horses around it.

"Did any one ever see such a thing?" they said. "There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country will pick it up!"

II

The stone lay there for three weeks. It was in everybody's way. Shouldn't you think that some one might have taken the trouble to move it? But no! Each man grumbled about it and left it for somebody else to move.

Then one day the king sent word to all his people to meet on the highway, for he had something to tell them.

Soon a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. The farmer was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope the king will now find out what lazy people he has around him," said the soldier.

"I shall not be surprised," said the farmer, "if the king has something to say about the way these people leave stones in the road."

At length the sound of a horn was heard, and the king came riding toward them. When he reached the stone, he said, "My friends, I put this stone here in the road three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you. Each man has scolded his neighbor, but not one of you has taken the trouble to move the stone."

Then the king got down from his horse and rolled the stone over. Underneath it, in a round hollow place, lay a small iron box. He held up the box so that the people might see the piece of paper fastened to it. On the paper were written these words:

For him who lifts the stone.

The king opened the box and turned it upside down. Out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright coins.

"These," said he, "were waiting for the man who would move the stone instead of finding fault with his neighbors."

THE LOST NAIL

There was once a merchant who had done good business at the fair. His goods were all sold and his money-bags were full of gold and silver.

"I must make haste," he said to himself. "If I have good luck, I can reach home before night."

So he put his money into a trunk, and strapped it on his horse, and rode away.

At noon the merchant rested at an inn. When the stable-boy brought out the horse,

he said, "A nail is missing, sir, from the shoe of his left hind foot."

"Let it be missing," answered the merchant. "The shoe will stay on for the few miles I have to ride. I am in a hurry."

So he rode on his way.

That evening he stopped for supper at another inn. As he was about to depart, the stable-boy said to him, "Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?"

"Let it be missing," answered the man. "The horse can very well hold out for the three miles which I must go. I am in a hurry."

The man rode on, but before long the horse began to limp. He had not limped long before he began to stumble, and he had not stumbled long before he fell down and broke his leg.

The merchant had to leave the horse, and take the trunk on his back, and go home on foot. He did not get there until late at night.

"That unlucky nail," said he to himself. "has caused all this trouble."

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost.

Benjamin Franklin

THE COWARDLY BAT

I

There was once a quarrel between the birds and the beasts. The birds all came together to make war on the beasts. As they passed the tree where the bat was perched, they said, "Come with us." But the bat answered, "I am a beast."

Then some beasts passing beneath the tree said to him, "Come with us." But the bat answered, "I am a bird."

II

The bat watched the fight until he thought that the birds were sure to win. Then he flew to join them. "Away with you," said the birds. "You are a beast."

"Oh no! I am a bird," replied the bat. "Do you not see my wings?"

A little later when he thought that the beasts were gaining, he ran to join them.

"Away with you," said the beasts. "You are a bird."

"Oh no! I am a beast," replied the bat. "Do you not see my feet? Look at my sharp teeth, too."

III

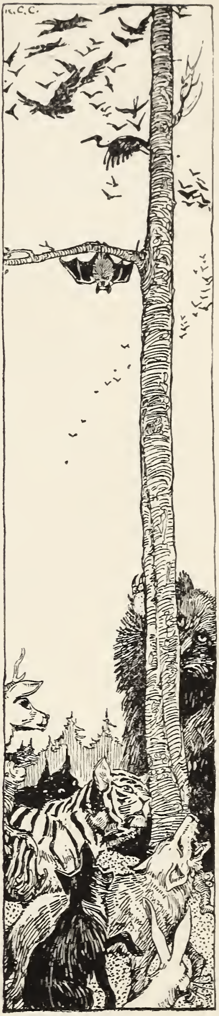
At last the birds and the beasts made peace. The bat went to the birds and wished to share their feast. But they turned against him, crying, "Go away. You are not a bird."

He then went to the beasts, but they growled at him, "Go away. You are not a beast."

"Ah," said the bat, "I see that I must fly away and hide by myself. He that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends."

To this day the bat hides in dark places. He flies only at night when both birds and beasts are sleeping.

Æsop



ADVICE

There was once a pretty chicken;
  But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
  In the world but what he knew:
So he always, in the farmyard,
  Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
  What they ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," said he, "I wonder
  That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
  It will kill them to get wet."

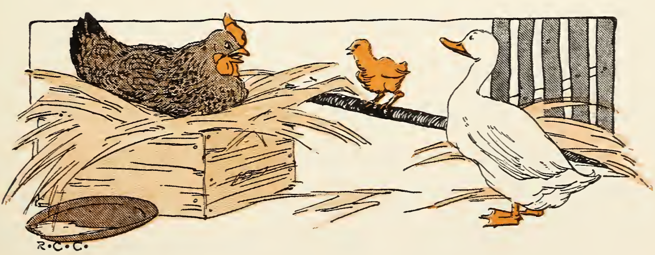
"I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
  He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
  In your nest upon the hay.
Won't you come out to the meadow,
  Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
  "Then my eggs would all get chilled."
"No, they won't," replied the chicken,

"And no matter if they do;
Eggs are really good for nothing;
What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking,
"Can it be you do not know
You yourself were in an eggshell
Just one little month ago?
And if kind wings had not warmed you,
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens and geese and turkeys
What they ought to do and say!

"To be very wise, and show it,
Is a pleasant thing no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

Marian Douglas



THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST

I

There was once a poor woodcutter who lived with his wife and two daughters near a lonely forest.

One morning he said to his wife, "Let Anne bring some dinner to me in the forest to-day. I will take a bag of grain with me and drop the seeds on the path. Anne can look for the grain and then she will know where to find me."

Just before noon Anne set out with a bowl of soup for her father. But as the sparrows and blackbirds had picked up the grain long before, she could not find the path.

She went on and on until the sun sank out of sight. It became very dark, and the owls hooted, and she began to cry.

At last Anne saw a light through the trees. "There must be some people there who will give me shelter," she said to herself.

She walked on till she came to a little house with light shining through its windows. She knocked loudly at the door, and a voice called, "Come in."

When she opened the door, she saw an old white-haired man sitting at the table. Beside the fireplace sat three animals — a hen, a cock, and a cow.

Anne told her story to the old man and begged for shelter for the night. The man said,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What do you say to that?"

"Duks," answered the animals. That must have meant, "We are willing," for the old man said, "Here you shall have shelter and food. There is enough and to spare. Now go to the kitchen and cook our supper."

Anne cooked a good supper, but she never thought of the animals. As soon as she had carried the dishes to the table, she sat down and ate all she wanted.

After supper she said, "Now I am tired. Where can I sleep?"

The animals replied,

"You have eaten with him,
You have drunk with him,
But you've had no thought for us;
So now find out for yourself
Where you can pass the night."

Anne ran upstairs and found a little room all ready for her. But as soon as she was sound asleep, a trapdoor opened. Down dropped her bed into the cellar!

II

Late that night the woodcutter came home and scolded his wife for leaving him hungry all day.

"It is not my fault," she replied. "Anne went out with your dinner. She must be lost, but she is sure to come back to-morrow."

The next day the woodcutter was up before dawn. "Let Rose bring my dinner into the forest to-day," said he. "She has always been a good child. She will stay in the right path and not run after every wild bee, as her sister did."

"Oh dear," said his wife. "I'm afraid she will get lost, too."

"No, no," replied the woodcutter. "She will not get lost. I will take some beans with me to-day and scatter them about. They are large, so she will be sure to see them."

But when Rose went out with her basket on her arm, the doves had already eaten all the beans and she did not know which way to turn. She walked on and on, full of sorrow as she thought how hungry her father would be.

At last when it grew dark, she came to the little house in the forest. She knocked gently and a voice called, "Come in."

"Please may I stay here till morning?" asked Rose.

The old white-haired man turned to his animals and said,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What do you say to that?"

"Duks," said they.

"Yes," said the old man, "you shall have shelter and food. There is enough and to spare."

Rose thanked him, and then she went over to the cock and the hen and stroked their smooth feathers with her hand, and she patted the brindled cow between the horns.

When she had cooked some soup and had placed the bowl on the table, she said, "Are the good animals to have nothing? Let me feed them now."

So she brought some grain for the cock and the hen and a whole armful of sweet-smelling hay for the cow. "I hope you will like it, dear animals," said she. "You shall have fresh water to drink too, for I'm sure you are thirsty."

She brought a bucketful of water, and the cock and the hen and the brindled cow each took a long drink.

When the animals were fed, Rose sat down at the table and ate what was left.

It was not long before the cock and the hen began to put their heads under their wings, and the cow began to blink her eyes.

"May I go to bed now?" asked Rose.

The white-haired man said,

"Pretty little hen,
Pretty little cock,
And pretty brindled cow,
What do you say to that?"

The animals answered,

"You have eaten with us,
You have drunk with us,
And you've had kind thoughts for all;
So now we wish you good night."

Rose went upstairs and found a little room all ready for her. She was soon fast asleep.

At midnight a great noise waked her up. The doors slammed against the walls, and there was a crash as if the whole roof had fallen in.

Then all became still. Rose found that she was not hurt, so she went to sleep again.

III

The next morning when Rose woke up, she rubbed her eyes and looked all around.

She was lying in a large room. The walls were covered with soft white silk and golden flowers. The bed was of ivory and velvet, and on a chair beside it was a pair of slippers all shining with diamonds. Rose was sure she was dreaming.

Three servants came to her and asked what orders she would like to give.

"Oh dear," she said, "I am afraid it is very late. I must get up at once and make some soup for the old man, and then I will feed the hen and the cock and the brindled cow."

When she looked for the old man, she found only a stranger, young and handsome.

He said to her, "I am a king's son. A witch changed me into a white-haired man and made me live in this forest. I have been all alone except for my three servants, who were changed to a cock, a hen, and a brindled cow.

"The spell could not be broken until a girl came to us who was full of love for animals as well as men. It is you who have set us free.

"At midnight the spell was broken, and the old house in the forest was changed into my royal palace. I hope you will stay here with me and be my wife."

Rose said that she would, and then the prince ordered one of his servants to bring her father and mother to the marriage feast.

"Can we not find my sister, too?" asked Rose. "She was lost in the forest yesterday."

"She is here now, locked in the cellar," replied the prince. "She must go back to the forest to stay until she learns to be kind to every one. Then she may come to live with us."

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard a bell ring far away,
The happy bell of Christmas day:
Soon other bells took up the chime
To tell the world of Christmas time.
From belfries high and towers tall
The silver notes began to fall,
Till all the world rose glad and gay
To greet another Christmas day.

Frances Kirkland

WINTER JEWELS

A million little diamonds
  Twinkled on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
  "A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
  And stole them all away.

Mary F. Butts

THE BELL OF ATRI

Long ago in Italy there lived a good and just king. "In my kingdom," said he, "no man, woman, or child shall suffer injustice. When any wrong has been done, it must be made right."

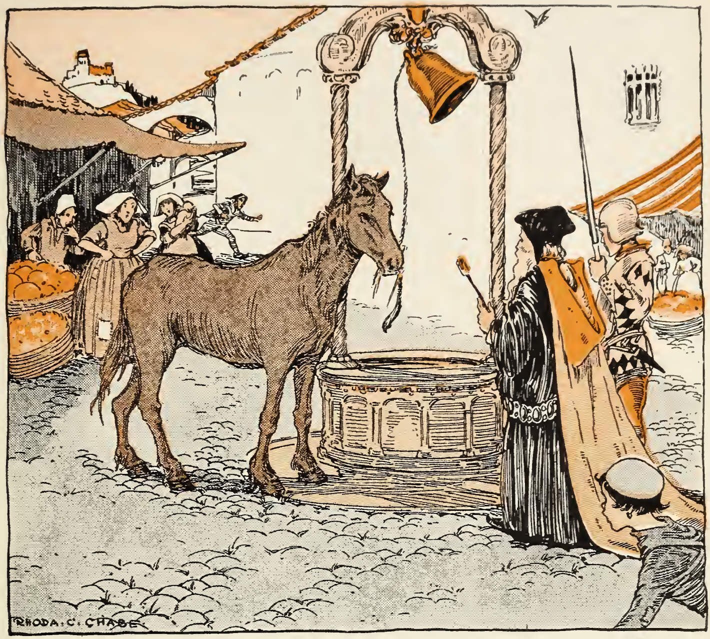
The king placed a big bell in the market-place of the town of Atri. When any one rang this bell, the judge came out to learn what the trouble was. In this way every one could tell his troubles to the judge and be helped by him.

One very hot day, when all the people were resting in their homes, the bell began to ring loudly. It seemed to say:

"Some one — hath done — a wrong,
Hath done — a wrong;
Oh, come — and hear — my case,
Oh, hear — my case."

The people came running out to see what the trouble was.

They found an old horse standing near the bell rope. He was so hungry that he had eaten



a few wisps of hay which had been tied to the rope. In that way he had rung the bell.

When the judge learned what had happened, he called out, "This poor horse asks for justice. To whom does he belong?"

"He belongs to the rich nobleman who lives in that palace," cried the people.

Then an old man came forward, bowing

before the judge. "This horse," said he, "has carried his master to the wars and has saved his life more than once. Now that the poor beast is old, the master has no use for him. The horse has been turned out and must pick up food where he can."

"Bring his master to me," ordered the judge.

When the nobleman stood before him, the judge asked, "Is it true that you have left your faithful servant to starve? Have you turned him away because you can no longer use him?"

"It is true," replied the nobleman.

"You have done a great wrong," said the judge. "This horse has served you for many long years. I now order you to give him good care for the rest of his life."

Joyfully the people led the old war-horse back to his stable. As they walked along, they said one to another, "Our bell brings justice to animals as well as to men. This shall make the Bell of Atri famous throughout the whole world."

A Story from Italy

PEDRO AND THE SADDLE BAGS

I

Clatter, clatter — jingle, jingle — flap, flap, flap. Pedro, the little donkey, trotted gayly along the road. The bells on his head were jingling and his saddle bags were flapping merrily.

It was a good thing to be out in the bright sunshine with a smooth road and empty saddle bags. Pedro liked it. He was very much pleased with himself and his master that morning.

They came to a turn in the road. Suddenly Pedro raised his head. He sniffed the air. Salt! He knew that smell. He turned his head and looked sadly at his master.

So this was why they were out in the bright sunshine! The smooth road led down to the sea. The empty saddle bags would not long be empty.

Pedro had trotted gayly down this way before and had returned with saddle bags heavy with salt. He knew this road and he hated it. With hanging head and slow steps, he went on.

It took him twice as long to get to the seashore as it should have taken him. But he got there at last, and his saddle bags were filled just as full of salt as if he had gone faster.

Pedro was a wise donkey, but he had never learned that it doesn't make a load any lighter to go slowly with it. He stopped by the wayside. He stood quite still in the middle of the road. He turned aside to snatch a mouthful of green leaves from a low-hanging branch.

"Pedro," said his master at last, quite out of patience, "if you don't behave, I'll take a stick to you." But Pedro knew better.

After a while they came to a brook. Pedro put out one foot and then the other. He stepped into the water carefully and walked along on the shining stones.

Splash! His foot slipped and down he went with the bags of salt into the water.

When at last he reached the other side of the stream, he shook his head as if to say, "I do not understand it." It was very strange, but somehow the saddle bags were lighter. Pedro wondered.

Before long they came to another brook. " If one stream of water is good for saddle bags of salt, two streams will be better," thought Pedro to himself.

He looked around to see what his master was doing. Just then the man stopped to pick some berries by the side of the road.

" Ah, ha!" said Pedro, as he stepped in and lay down in the middle of the brook.

Two streams *were* better than one. By the time Pedro reached the other side of this brook, there was no salt left in his saddle bags. It had all melted and run away in the water.

"Well, Pedro," said his master, who was wise too, "you have lain down once too often."

II

Back went Pedro and his master to the seashore for another load. As they went along, the man looked at Pedro and laughed.

"Pedro likes too well to lie down in the water," he said to himself. "There must be a way to cure him of that."

When they came to the seashore, the man did not load the saddle bags with salt. He filled them with sponges instead.

"Ah, ha!" laughed Pedro, and he shook his head till the little bells jingled. "Ah, ha! I've taught my master to give me a lighter load."

Once more he trotted gayly along the road in the warm sunshine till they came to the brook.

"If brooks are good for salt, they must be good for sponges," said Pedro to himself, and he lay down in the water.

This time he made a mistake. Sponges do

not melt and run away in water. They grow bigger and bigger — heavier and heavier.

Pedro could hardly rise. He stumbled to his feet, a sorrowful little donkey.

His master could scarcely keep from laughing. He squeezed the water out of the sponges till it ran in streams down Pedro's sides.

"Oh, what a miserable donkey I am!" thought poor Pedro. "I'll never, never lie down in the water again."

Back they went once more to the seashore. Once more the saddle bags were filled with salt. But Pedro had promised himself that he would never, never lie down in the water again. And he never did.

"HE PRAYETH BEST"

He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

CINDERLAD

I

Once upon a time there was a man who had a meadow, and in the meadow was a barn where he stored his hay. In the meadow the grass grew thick and green, but in the barn there had been no hay for two years.

Each year on St. John's Eve, just as the grass was ready to be cut, a strange thing happened. The grass all disappeared — eaten off as clean as if a flock of sheep had cropped it.

This happened once and it happened twice. Then the man grew tired of it. When the next St. John's Eve came around, he said, "Some one must watch in the barn to-night and see what goes on there."

"I'll go," said his eldest son, as brave as could be. So he wrapped himself in a warm cloak, took a stout stick, and set off.

When he came to the barn, he laid himself down and slept soundly till the middle of the night. Then all at once there was a great rumbling and a roaring — such a noise as you never heard in all your life.

Up started the eldest son in great fright and took to his heels. He ran and he ran till he came to his own door, with never a look behind him. And the barn was empty for one more year.

The next St. John's Eve the grass was thicker than ever. "We must not lose this harvest," said the father. "Some one must watch in the barn to-night."

"I'll go," said his second son, quite brave. So he wrapped himself in a very warm cloak, and he took a very stout stick, and away he went.

When he came to the barn, he laid himself down and slept soundly till the middle of the night. Then began such a rumbling and a roaring and a banging as you never heard in all your life.

Up started the second son and took to his heels, and ran and ran till he came to his own door, with never a look behind him. And the barn was empty for one more year.

II

The next St. John's Eve the grass was the thickest it had ever been. The father looked at it with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, whom can I send to watch in the barn to-night?" he said. There was only one more son, and nobody thought he was of any use in the world.

"Not I," said the eldest son.

"Not I," said the second son.

"Then Cinderlad must go," said the father.

"Cinderlad — ho, ho!" laughed the two older sons loudly. "Cinderlad! He's a good one to send — a lad who has never done anything but sit in the ashes."

The father said nothing. Cinderlad was all he had to send. Cinderlad said nothing either, but without waiting for his cloak or his stout stick, he set off.

When he came to the barn, he did not lie down to sleep. He seated himself by the door and watched till the middle of the night. Then began such a rumbling and a roaring, such a banging and a whanging as no one had ever heard before.

"Well, if it gets no worse than this, I can stand it," said Cinderlad to himself.

In a little while it began again — rumble, roar, bang, whang — worse than before.

"Well," said Cinderlad, "if this is all, I think I can stand it." But it wasn't all.

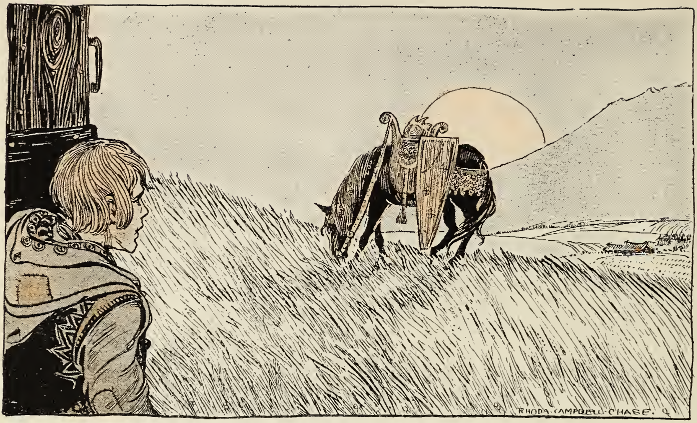
Bang, whang, rumble, roar, — roar, rumble, whang, bang! The earth shook and the walls rattled. Then everything was still.

"Well," said Cinderlad, "I rather hope that's the worst of it." And it was.

In a moment he heard a queer little noise outside. He started to his feet and looked out eagerly.

There in the field stood a horse, quietly eating grass in the moonlight. He was big and brown and shining like copper. On his back was a copper saddle, and on the saddle lay a suit of copper armor.

"Oh, ho," said Cinderlad. "It is you that is eating our grass, is it? I'll soon put a stop to that."



Cinderlad went up to the horse and patted him gently on the neck. Then he climbed up into the saddle and rode away. He rode to a secret place he knew, and there he tied the big brown horse. Then he went home.

"Well," said the eldest son, "you didn't stay long in the barn, that's plain."

"Most likely you never went near it," said the second son.

Cinderlad said nothing. But when the brothers went to the meadow, they found the grass still growing tall and green. That year the barn was filled with hay.

III

Soon another harvest time came around, and another St. John's Eve. "Who will go to the barn to-night?" said the father.

"Send Cinderlad," said the brothers scornfully. "He had good luck."

So Cinderlad went, and everything happened as before — only worse. It rumbled and banged and roared and whanged, and then it was still.

Another horse stood outside the door, quietly eating grass in the moonlight. This horse was as black as coal. On his back was a silver saddle, and on the saddle was a suit of silver armor.

Cinderlad climbed into the saddle and rode away to the secret place. He tied the black horse safely beside the brown horse and then he went home.

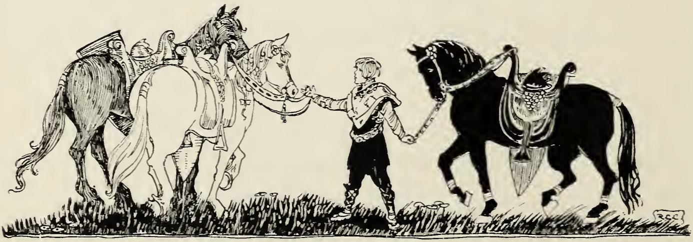
Again the grass was tall and green in the morning, and the barn was filled with hay for another year.

The third year when Cinderlad watched in the barn, it rumbled and roared and banged and whanged three times as loud as before — though you'll hardly believe it.

"I think," said Cinderlad, "this is as bad as it could be." So he stayed till the third horse came. That horse was as white as snow, and on his back was a golden saddle, and on the saddle a suit of golden armor that gleamed in the moonlight.

Cinderlad rode away to the secret place and tied the white horse safely beside the brown horse and the black horse, and once more the grass was tall and green in the morning.

"Dear me," said Cinderlad. "I have no room to keep another horse safely. I hope this is the last of them." And so it was.



THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL

I

In Cinderlad's country there was a king, and this king had a daughter who was fairer than the flowers in spring. Every one loved her, and princes came from far and near to seek her for a wife.

The little princess did not know what to do. "They are all so fair and brave! How can I choose?" she said.

At last the king had an idea. He wrote a great command and sent his herald to shout it throughout the land. This was the command:

**The princess shall marry the man who
can ride up the glass hill.**

Near the king's palace there was a hill of glass, a high, high hill, as slippery as ice. No one had ever ridden up the glass hill. No one had ever thought of such a thing! Yet the king's daughter was so fair that all the princes wished to try.

They sent their horses to the blacksmith's to be shod with very sharp shoes. And all the wise men in the land tried to think of some way to make horseshoes like sticking-plaster.

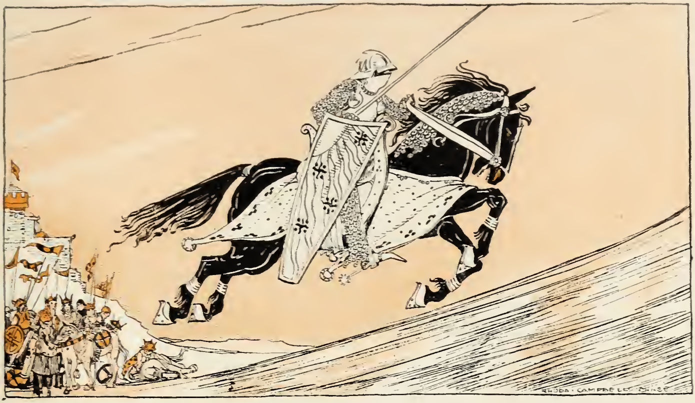
The great day came. The glass hill shone in the sun bright enough to put one's eyes out, and on the top of the hill sat the little princess on a golden chair. In her lap were three golden apples, to be given to the prince who should ride to the top.

So many princes were gathered around the hill that no one else could get within half a mile of it. Cinderlad's brothers were there too, as fine as could be, but they did not bring Cinderlad. "You can't come with us — a fellow like you," they said to him.

Soon the contest began, and then what a slipping and a sliding there was! Up rode the princes and back they slipped. Not one of them could ride more than two yards up the hill.

But there sat the beautiful maiden, and not one of the princes would give up trying. So they slipped and slipped all day long.

Just at sunset a new horseman came riding up, dressed in a suit of copper armor and



sitting on a big brown horse. The little princess saw him and thought she had never seen so fair a prince.

Up he rode — up, up the hill of glass nearly a third of the way, and then he stopped.

"Oh!" cried the little princess, "I hope he won't stop," and she threw down one of the golden apples.

The horseman caught it, turned, and rode down again. Through the crowd of princes, he rode like the wind, and before any one knew it, he was out of sight.

"It was very strange," said the older brothers that night, as they talked it over.

"I wish I had seen it," said Cinderlad.

"You!" said the brothers scornfully. "What an idea!"

II

The next day the contest went on. All day long the princes slipped and slipped, but not one of them could ride even a third of the way up the hill.

At sunset, just as the day before, a horseman came riding up, dressed in silver and sitting on a coal-black horse. Up he rode, one third of the way — two thirds of the way.

"Oh," cried the little princess, "I hope he can do it," and she threw down the second golden apple. The horseman caught it, turned and rode down the hill quickly, and was soon out of sight.

The third day came and still no prince was able to ride up the hill of glass; but still they would not give up. The little princess was tired of seeing them slip and slide and wished that sunset would come.

At last came a horseman riding on a horse

as white as snow. His golden armor flashed in the sunlight as he rode up, up — one third of the way, two thirds of the way, and then to the very top of the hill.

"Oh," cried the little princess, "I'm so glad you did it."

The prince leaped from his horse, and took the last golden apple, and kissed the fingers of the princess. Then he rode down again over the hill of glass and away out of sight.

III

Now the contest was over. The king commanded that all the princes in the land should come before him in order that the man who had won the golden apples might claim his reward. All the princes came as they were commanded, but not one of them had a golden apple.

"Well, well," said the king, not at all pleased. "Some one must have the apples. With my own eyes, I saw a man ride up and take them."

Then he commanded that *everybody* in the land should come, whether they were princes or not. So everybody came, — except Cinderlad; but no one had a golden apple. Last of all came Cinderlad's brothers.

"Is this all?" asked the king, getting more troubled every minute.

"We have a brother, Cinderlad," said they, "but he never won a golden apple. He's a stupid fellow who never leaves the cinder heap."

"Bring him here," said the king.

So Cinderlad came in his rags.

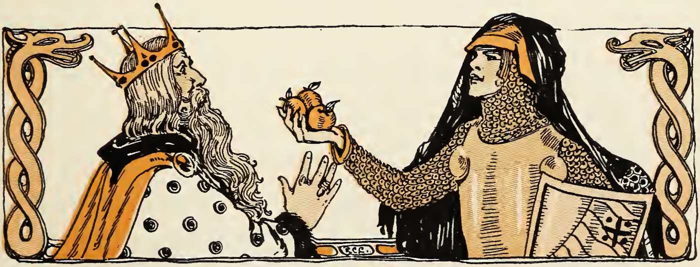
"Have you the apples?" asked the king.

"Yes," said Cinderlad quietly, and from his pocket he brought forth one apple — two apples — three apples. At the same moment he threw back his rags and stood forth in his suit of shining golden armor.

"Why, it's my prince," said the little princess happily.

"Cinderlad," said the king, "you shall have my daughter and half of my kingdom besides, for you well deserve it."

A Story from Norway



THE NAMING OF A GREAT CITY

Long ago the people of a far country built a beautiful city. It stood on a high hill overlooking the blue sea.

The people of this city loved grace and beauty. They laid out the streets with care, and crowned the hill with beautiful buildings. The city was very fair to look upon.

"What shall we call our beautiful city?" said the people.

"Name it for me," said Neptune, the great god of the sea. "I will make your city stronger than any other city on the earth."

"Nay, call it for me," said Athena, the goddess of wisdom. "The gifts that I can give you are worth far more than any gift of strength."

The people of the city did not know how to choose between Neptune and Athena. "We are only people of the earth," they said. "How can we decide between the gods?"

So they called to Jupiter, the king of the gods: "Great Jupiter, tell us what to do. For whom shall we name our beautiful city on the hill?"

Jupiter answered, "Both Athena and Neptune make you fair promises. They offer you good gifts. Let them bring you their gifts. The one who brings the better gift may claim the city. I myself will be the judge."

When the day of the contest came, all the people of the city gathered together. Jupiter then bade the god of the sea bring forth his gift.

Neptune appeared, leading by the bridle a shining war-horse — strong, and swift, and harnessed for battle.

"I offer you war, glory, power," he said, and the people of the city cheered loud and long.

Now it was Athena's turn. She came forward quietly, carrying something in her hand. Kneeling down before the people, she dug a hole in the ground and placed in it a tiny seed.

A leaf appeared, then a stalk, and at length a tree, covered with glossy green leaves and laden with fruit. It was an olive tree.

Athena turned and faced the people. "Here is life, peace, plenty," she said.

The people stood in silence waiting for the great judge to speak.

Then said Jupiter, "This is the better gift. The city shall be called Athens."

With one voice, the people took up the cry, "Athens! Athens! The city shall be named for Athena. She has given us the greater gift."

A Greek Myth

THE STORY OF ARACHNE

In the city of Athens in the days of Long Ago, lived the maiden Arachne.

Arachne was skilled in the art of spinning and weaving. Not one of the maidens of Athens could spin such fine thread or weave such wonderful cloth as she could.

As time went on, Arachne grew vain and proud. "I am the most wonderful spinner in the world," she said.

"Next to our great goddess Athena," added the good people of Athens.

"Nay," said Arachne boldly, "I do not fear even Athena's skill and power. I know that I can spin as well as she."

"Take care," said the wise people of Athens, "take care how you anger Athena."

Still Arachne did not heed their warning, but only grew more vain and boasted more and more. At last the goddess took notice of her foolish boasting.

One day as Arachne was working at her web, an old woman appeared before her.

"My dear," said the stranger, "you boast that you are as skillful as Athena. Try your skill with the maidens, but do not strive with the goddess."

"I am not afraid of Athena," said the maiden. "Let her try her skill with me if she dare."

Then the stranger threw back her dark cloak and showed herself — the beautiful, golden-haired, gray-eyed Athena. "I am ready," she said.

The other maidens were frightened. Only Arachne was not afraid. She picked up her shuttle and said that she was ready to begin. Then the people of Athens looked on in wonder as the goddess and the maiden worked at the webs.

Athena wove into her web the pictures of the great gods — Jupiter and Juno and Apollo and Neptune and all the others. No one had ever seen anything so wonderful as her pictures.

Arachne had great skill, but she could not hope to weave a web like that. The pictures that she wove were not noble and beautiful like Athena's. They showed her own mean and proud spirit.

As soon as her web was finished, Arachne looked at the other web. She knew that it was much more beautiful than hers. In her grief and anger, she wished to kill herself.

"Nay," said Athena, "you shall not die. You shall go on spinning thread forever. I will make you the first of the race of spiders, who shall always be the greatest spinners and weavers on the earth."

A Greek Myth

The Horses of the Sea

The horses of the sea
   Rear a foaming crest,
But the horses of the land
   Serve us the best.

The horses of the land
   Munch corn and clover,
While the foaming sea-horses
   Toss and turn over.

Christina G. Rossetti

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

I

In China many years ago there lived a poor woman and her son Aladdin. The father had been dead for several years, and the mother earned a living by doing a little spinning.

One day as Aladdin was playing in the streets, a man stopped and spoke to him.

"Are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?" asked the stranger.

"I am, sir," replied Aladdin, "but he is dead."

The stranger kissed him warmly. "My dear boy," he said, "I am your uncle. I knew you by your likeness to my brother. Run quickly and tell your mother that I am coming."

Aladdin ran home as fast as he could, to tell the news. His mother was overcome with surprise. "Indeed, child," she said, "your father had a brother, but I thought he had been dead for years."

While she prepared supper, Aladdin went

out to meet his uncle, who came laden with food.

As soon as he had greeted Aladdin's mother, the man fell down and kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit.

"Do not be surprised that I have not come before," he said. "I have traveled far and wide and have been out of the country for forty years."

When he heard that Aladdin had not yet learned a trade, he said that he would buy a shop for the boy and stock it with goods. "You shall become a rich merchant," he said.

The next day he bought Aladdin a new suit of clothes and took him all over the city, where there were many wonderful things to see. At nightfall they came home, and the mother was overjoyed to see her son so happy. The stranger was so good to them that she was now sure he must indeed be the brother of Mustapha.

"I do not know how to thank you enough for all your kindness," she said. "May you live many happy years."

II

Early the next morning the man said to Aladdin, "Come, my boy. I will show you some fine things to-day."

He led Aladdin to a beautiful garden outside the city gates. After they had eaten and rested there, they traveled onward until they were a long, long way from the city.

Aladdin became so tired that he begged to go back, but the man told him pleasant stories and led him on and on. By and by they came to a narrow valley between two mountains.

"We will go no farther," said the man. "I am now going to show you a sight such as no man ever saw. If you wish to see this sight, you must do as you are told. First of all, gather some dry sticks while I strike a light."

Aladdin quickly brought the sticks and the fire was lighted. Then the man threw a powder into it and spoke strange words that Aladdin could not understand.

At once clouds of thick smoke arose. The earth shook, and then suddenly the ground opened. Aladdin saw before him a square, flat stone with a brass ring in the center.

He started to run away in great fright, but his uncle caught him and gave him a blow that knocked him down.

Then the man spoke kindly, saying, "Fear nothing, but obey me. Beneath this stone lies a treasure which is to be yours. No one else may secure it. If you wish to get it, you must be brave and do just as I tell you."

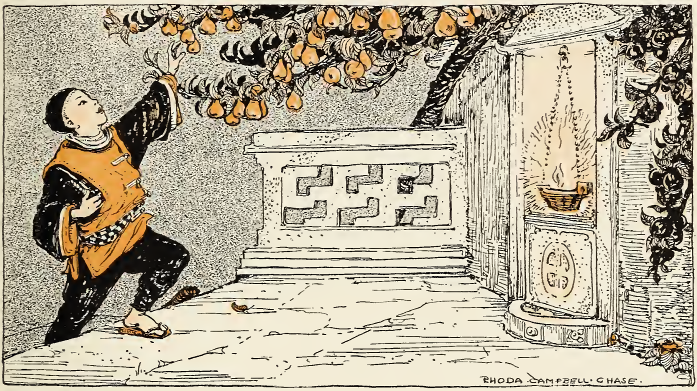
At the word *treasure*, Aladdin forgot his fears and begged his uncle to tell him just what he must do. "Take hold of the ring," said the man, "speak the names of your father and grandfather, and lift the stone."

Aladdin grasped the ring as he was told, speaking the names of his father and grandfather. The stone came up as if by magic. Beneath it were steps leading into the ground.

"Go down," said his uncle. "At the foot of those steps you will find an open door leading into three large rooms. Go through them without stopping. Take care not to touch anything, for if you do, you will die instantly.

"Go straight on till you come to a garden of fruit trees. You may pick some of this fruit if you wish. Then walk on till you find a lighted lamp. Pour out the oil and bring the lamp to me."

He drew a ring from his finger and gave it to Aladdin, saying, "Go down boldly, child, and do as I tell you. We shall then be rich all the rest of our lives."



III

Aladdin sprang down the steps. He found everything just as the man had said. He found the three large rooms, and he found the garden of beautiful trees.

Without stopping and without touching anything, he went on till he came to the lighted lamp. He took it down, and as soon as he had poured out the oil, he placed the lamp inside his coat.

The trees in the garden were laden with fruit, such as Aladdin had never seen before. It was red and blue and green and yellow, and it all sparkled like precious stones. Aladdin thought it was the most beautiful glass that ever was made. He gathered as much as he could carry and then returned to the mouth of the cave.

His uncle was watching for him. "Make haste," he cried out, "and give me the lamp." He reached out to take the lamp, and at the same instant he threw some powder into the fire and spoke two magic words.

Aladdin stopped a moment, for he could not get the lamp from the folds of his coat. "You will have to wait until I am out of the cave," he said. "I can't give it to you now."

The man flew into a great rage, and that very instant the stone rolled back to its place.

Now you must know that this man was not

Aladdin's uncle. He was a cruel magician. He had read in his books about a wonderful lamp that would make him the most powerful man in the world. He knew where to find the lamp, but the book said that it must be given into his hands by some one else.

The magician had pretended that he was Aladdin's uncle in order to get the boy to help him. He planned to get the lamp and then shut Aladdin in the cave. But he spoke the magic words too soon, and in his rage he saw the stone roll back and put an end to all his hopes.

Poor Aladdin was left alone in the dark cave under the ground. He was frightened nearly to death. He tried to return to the garden, but the door was now closed and locked.

For two long days and nights Aladdin sat in the dark cave, weeping bitterly. By the third day he was nearly starved. He clasped his hands in prayer, and as he did so, he rubbed the ring which the magician had given him.

In an instant a huge and frightful genie rose out of the earth. "What wouldst thou have?"

he asked. "I am the Slave of the Ring and will obey thee in all things."

At any other time Aladdin would have been too frightened to speak, but now he replied boldly, "Whoever you are, if you are able, deliver me from this place."

No sooner had he spoken than the earth opened and he was once more above ground. He set off rapidly towards home, very grateful for his escape.

IV

When he reached home, Aladdin told his mother all that had happened, and showed her the lamp and the fruits that he had picked. These fruits were really precious stones, but neither Aladdin nor his mother knew that.

When he asked for food, his mother said, "Alas! child, I have nothing to eat in the house. But I have spun a little cotton. I will sell that and get some money to buy bread."

"No, Mother," said Aladdin. "I will sell the lamp instead."

"At least let me polish it," said his mother. "You will get more for it."

As soon as she began to rub it, a frightful genie appeared before her.

"What wouldst thou have?" he asked. "I am the Slave of the Lamp, and I will obey thee in all things."

The poor woman fainted at the terrible sight, but Aladdin snatched the lamp and spoke up boldly. "I am hungry. Bring me something to eat."

As Aladdin spoke, the genie disappeared. In a moment he returned with a silver bowl, twelve silver dishes heaped with rich food, and two silver cups. He placed them on a table and instantly vanished.

When Aladdin's mother came to herself, she said, "Whence came this splendid feast?"

"Ask not, but eat," replied Aladdin.

So they sat at breakfast till it was dinner-time, and Aladdin told his mother about the lamp. She begged him to sell it and have nothing to do with the genie.

"No," said Aladdin, "since we have learned what it can do, we will use the lamp, and also the ring, which I shall always wear on my finger."

The food that the genie had brought lasted a week. When it was gone, Aladdin sold one of the silver plates. And from day to day, as food was needed, he sold the rest of the silver.

When he had nothing more to sell, Aladdin rubbed the lamp again. The genie appeared as before and gave him another set of silver dishes heaped with food. Thus Aladdin and his mother were able to live in comfort for many years.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

ON THE VOWELS

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JONATHAN SWIFT

A Winter Song

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
The king of the seasons is he,
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.
He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind shakes them
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
Who shouts at the door by night,
" Come out where the ice is gleaming,
Like steel in the cold moonlight."
Like swallows over the water
The skaters merrily go,
There's health in the blustering breezes
And joy in the beautiful snow.

Emily Huntington Miller

THE BOY WHO CRIED "WOLF"

JOHN FARMER BROWN
FIRST NEIGHBOR SECOND NEIGHBOR
THIRD NEIGHBOR

I

PLACE: Road leading to the hayfield.
TIME: Early morning.

FARMER BROWN: Hello, John. What are you doing out so early?

JOHN: I'm watching the sheep for my father in the big pasture this summer.

FIRST NEIGHBOR: Aren't you afraid of wolves?

JOHN: Wolves! Why should I be afraid? A wolf couldn't get the better of me.

FARMER BROWN: Well, if you see one, you'd better call to us. We're working in the hayfield here and we can take care of a wolf all right.

JOHN: Thank you, sir. But I don't think I'll have to call you.

FARMER BROWN: Well, we'll come if you need us.

II

PLACE: The pasture.
TIME: Late afternoon.

JOHN: It is very stupid watching sheep, after all. I wish I had some one to talk to. I wonder if nothing exciting ever happens here, except a wolf.

He looks across into the hayfield.

I wish the men would come over here. I wonder what they would do if I called out to them. I know what I'll do! I'll call "Wolf," and make them think a wolf is eating the sheep. They'll run then! What fun! (*Calling loudly.*) Wolf, wolf!

The men drop their work and come running.

FARMER BROWN: Where, John, where?

FIRST NEIGHBOR: Quick, men. Around to the other side. We must catch him.

SECOND NEIGHBOR: Where is the wolf? I don't see him.

THIRD NEIGHBOR: Has he gone already?

The men turn and see John laughing.

FARMER BROWN: What do you mean by laughing? Where is the wolf?

FIRST NEIGHBOR: Are you fooling us, boy?

SECOND NEIGHBOR: If you are, it will be the worse for you. Making us run this hot day!

JOHN: There wasn't any wolf. I was tired of staying here alone, so I just called for fun.

FARMER BROWN: That was poor fun, my boy. You'd better not play any more jokes like that.

First Neighbor: Not on a hot day, young man.

Second Neighbor: It would go hard with you if a real wolf came — I'll tell you that.

Third Neighbor: Indeed it would!

The men go slowly back to the hayfield.

John: Well, of all the stupid fun! If I couldn't take a joke better than that!

III

Place: The hayfield.
Time: A week later.

Farmer Brown: Wait a moment. I thought I heard some one calling.

First Neighbor: Probably that boy is up to his tricks again. I never saw such a boy for mischief.

Farmer Brown: No, listen! I tell you I heard something strange.

John (*calling from the pasture*): Wolf! Wolf! Help! Help! The wolf is carrying off a lamb.

Farmer Brown starts to run.

First Neighbor: Stop, neighbor! Don't let the boy make a fool of you again. It's the same old trick. He has tried it three times, and that's enough.

FARMER BROWN: But it might be a real wolf.

FIRST NEIGHBOR: Then he will have to suffer for it. It's his own fault.

FARMER BROWN: I suppose you're right. I can't be bothered with his tricks.

John comes running up to them.

JOHN: Oh, why didn't you come to help me? The wolf has carried off a lamb into the forest. I called and called and you wouldn't come. What shall I do?

SECOND NEIGHBOR: Ho, ho! We've heard that story before.

JOHN: Oh, why won't you believe me?

FARMER BROWN: Are you telling the truth?

JOHN: Oh yes, it's the truth. It really is. And now I've lost a lamb. What will my father say?

FARMER BROWN: I'm sorry, but I think it's your own fault. People who cry "wolf" when there is no wolf, cannot expect much help when the real wolf comes.

BASED ON AN OLD FABLE

I AND WE

Two men were once walking along a country road when they spied an ax lying in the dust.

"Ah, ha!" cried the first man, picking it up. "Here's a fine ax lying in the road!"

"How lucky we are!" said the second man. "That's as fine an ax as I ever saw. We can sell it and make a good bit of money."

"We!" exclaimed the first man in surprise. "I should hardly say *we*. It seems to me that this is *my* ax. Didn't I pick it up from the road?"

"But I saw it as soon as you did," replied the second man, beginning to get angry.

"Well, you didn't pick it up," said the first man. "I did, and it's my ax."

They kept on talking and their voices grew so loud that it made them deaf to everything else. They did not hear the sound of feet behind them, until suddenly some men hurried up.

The men were shouting, "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"There he is! There he is!" cried one of the men. "And that's my ax he has in his hand. It's the very ax that was taken out of my barn this morning."

"It's no such thing," said the man with the ax. "I did not steal it. We just found this ax in the road — my friend and I. We can prove it."

"Oh no. *You* may prove it," said the second man. "You found the ax, not I. I had nothing to do with it," and he turned and walked away.

SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
  Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
  Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
  To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
  And not your head, that broke?

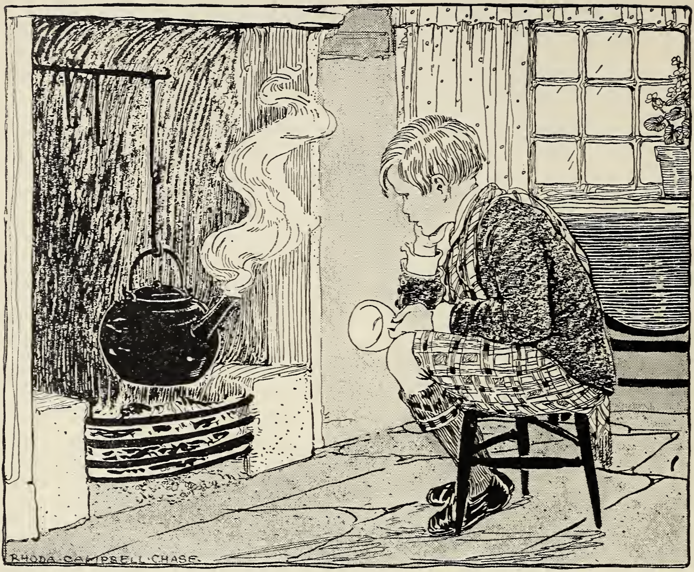
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
  And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner
  Because you scold and frown?

And wouldn't it be nicer
  For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
  When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
  And learn a thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking
  To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

Phœbe Cary



THE BOY WHO STUDIED THE TEA-KETTLE

I

Long ago in Scotland a boy sat by the fire one day watching the tea-kettle. A thin cloud of steam was rising from the spout, and soon the cover began to rattle.

He took off the cover. Inside he saw nothing but boiling water. "What can it be that makes the cover rattle?" he said to himself.

He held a dry cup above the cloud of steam to see what would happen. Very soon there were some drops of water in the cup.

This was all very strange, and the boy sat still for a long time wondering about it.

Suddenly he heard his aunt saying, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken one word, but have only taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?"

James Watt was not so idle as she thought. I will tell you his story and then perhaps you will see why he studied the steam in the tea-kettle.

II

Even when he was a little boy, James Watt liked to work with tools. His father gave him a set of small tools, and he made so many things with them that people said, "Jamie has a fortune at his finger ends."

When he was seventeen years old, he had to begin earning his living. He left home and went to the big city of London. He had to ride on horseback twelve days to get there. Traveling was very slow in those days because there were no steam engines or trains.

For a year James worked and studied in London. Then he went home and opened a little shop. He made and repaired all sorts of things — spectacles, fiddles, fishing-rods, and even organs.

He often thought about the steam in tea-kettles. He felt sure that if steam could make the cover rattle on a kettle, it could do other things.

At that time men did not know much about steam. They did not know how to use it to run engines or do any other work.

James Watt made up his mind to try to make an engine that would run by steam. He read every book that would help him to understand steam. For eight years he worked on his engine.

He was poor, so he had to keep on working in his little shop in order to earn money, but he spent all his spare time on the engine. Year after year things seemed to go wrong, but he tried and tried again.

Finally the engine was ready for trial, and men came from far and wide to see it. It was used to pump water out of a mine and it did the work well.

The engine made a very loud noise. The people seemed to like this. "If the engine wasn't noisy," they said, "how could it be expected to do the work?"

Steam has done a great deal of work since James Watt made his first engine. Think of the great steam engines that make it easy and pleasant to travel. Think of the homes that are made warm and comfortable by steam heat. Then remember that before James Watt no one knew how to make use of steam.

Do you think James Watt was wasting his time when he watched the tea-kettle?

THE KETTLE AND THE ENGINES

An old tea-kettle was once thrown into the corner of an engine shed. There in the dim light it saw three worn-out railway engines.

The kettle wished to be friendly, so it said in a pleasant voice, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to see you in this place. I myself have lost my spout and handle, and have been patched so often that very little of my old self is left. I suppose you have all seen better days too, and are now thrown away because you are useless."

The engines did not show that they even knew the kettle was there. They looked as if they had never said a pleasant word in all their lives.

After a moment, the kettle spoke again.

"Well, brothers," it said cheerfully, "do not be so sad. We have done useful work in our day. The thought of the pleasure that I have been able to give makes me willing to rest now."

"What is that old tin kettle talking about in the corner?" said one of the engines to its neighbor. "Where are its manners, that it should speak to us? Does it think we are its brothers?"

"Oh, ho!" cried the kettle. "Is that it? You do not think I am your brother. You think I ought not to speak to such a high and mighty thing as an engine. Dear, dear, what a mistake I have made, to be sure!

"Let me tell you a plain truth, my rusty friend. You refuse to own me as a brother. Don't you know that we are both members of the puffing family?

"Has no one ever told you that the tea-kettle was the very first of our family? Who would ever have heard of a steam engine, if it had not been for a tea-kettle?"

The engines said not a word in reply. Perhaps they did not want to admit that they were related to a common tea-kettle. Perhaps they were all ashamed to speak.

WILLIAM TELL

I

Many, many years ago a cruel governor ruled over Switzerland. He was a stern, hard ruler. He hated the Swiss people, and most of all he hated a man named William Tell.

Tell was a strong, brave man. No one else could shoot an arrow as straight as he could. No one else could sail a boat as skillfully over a stormy lake. Gessler hated William Tell because he was brave and true, and because he loved freedom and right.

One day Tell and his young son Albert fell into the power of Gessler's soldiers. The governor was glad to hear of this. He tried to think of the most cruel way to punish Tell.

"Let the man shoot at an apple a hundred paces away," he said. "If he can hit it, I will spare his life. The apple must rest on his son's head."

Tell refused to try to save his life in such a way. He was very skillful, but he could not be

sure of hitting an apple so far away without harming the boy.

Albert was a brave boy. He begged his father to try. "You will not hit me, Father," he said. "I know you will hit the apple and then we shall both be free."

Tell again refused to try. At last Gessler cried angrily, "Come, make the trial. If you do not, your boy shall die at once. I give you one chance to save his life. Use it."

There was nothing else that Tell could do. He bowed and stood ready.

The soldiers marked off a hundred paces. Albert was led forward and the apple was placed on his head. The brave boy stood there, straight and fearless, with a smile on his lips.

Tell chose two arrows. He placed one in his belt and the other on his bow. Then he took aim carefully.

The arrow flew straight to the core of the apple. The boy was unharmed.

"Father!" he cried, "I'm safe! I'm safe!" and he ran to his father and clasped him about the neck.

II

"Why did you place that second arrow in your belt?" asked Gessler, before Tell could move.

"To kill you, if I had slain my boy," answered Tell.

Gessler was very angry. "I have promised you your life," he said, "but you shall spend it in darkness, in a prison where neither sun nor moon can shine upon you."

Turning to his soldiers, he added, "Let the boy go, but take the man to my boat."

Instantly the soldiers seized William Tell and bound him. They carried him to the small boat in which Gessler was to return to his castle.

Soon after they set sail, a great storm sprang up. The winds and waves tossed the boat from side to side. Gessler's men were frightened, for not one of them could manage the boat in a storm.

Gessler feared that they would all be drowned. He knew that William Tell could steer the boat safely, so at last he gave orders that the prisoner should be unbound.

Tell headed the boat straight for the land. As it touched the shore, he gave a great leap to the rocks and dashed away.

The boat slipped back into deep water so that the others could not follow him. While they were tossing about on the lake, Tell escaped, and before the storm was over, he was out of reach of the cruel governor.

THE SONG OF THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! The skies may be dreary, —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus! Come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

A LITTLE GIRL IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Haru is a little girl in the Land of the Rising Sun. That is another way of saying that she is a little Japanese girl.

Haru is a dear little girl. She has glossy black hair and bright black eyes. In her gay kimono she looks like a bright flower.

She lives in a house made of paper. You may think that is a strange way to build a house. But the Japanese people know how to make very strong paper that will not wet through. They make umbrellas and lanterns of paper, too.

When Haru goes into her house, she takes off her little shoes and walks around in her white stockings. There must not be a bit of dirt on the soft white rugs.

In Haru's home there are no chairs. She sits on the floor and eats her rice from a little table no more than a foot high.

All day the front of the house is open to let in the sunshine. At night it is closed again.

Then Haru and her family bring out their quilts and go to sleep on the floor with their heads on wooden pillows.

Haru's country is a very pleasant place for a little boy or girl to live. They have wonderful dolls and tops and kites there. I think the kites are the most wonderful toys they have. The boys are not the only ones who like to fly them. Even the fathers and grandfathers fly kites sometimes.

When Haru goes out to play, she often has her baby brother tied to her back. But she has just as good a time as you do. As she runs to and fro, the baby wobbles about, but he seldom cries. People say Japan is the land where the babies never cry.

Haru is a polite and gentle little girl. When she was very small, she was taught that she must not cry or be cross or speak loudly, or do anything else that is unpleasant for others.

She has been taught many other things, too. She knows a great deal about flowers and can arrange them in vases so that they look very beautiful. She knows how to bow prettily and how to serve tea in the most polite way.

Perhaps there never was a little girl in any other land who had as many dolls as Haru has. She has all the dolls that have been given to her since she was born, and she has all her mother's and her grandmother's dolls, too. She does not play with all these dolls every day. They are put away carefully in the family store-room.

On one day in the year, all the dolls in Japan are brought out. This day is called the Feast of Dolls. Just imagine a hundred dolls all dressed in their best clothes sitting in a row! Then imagine all kinds of dolls' furniture and dishes and ever so many other toys — and you will know how Haru's house looks on the day of the Feast of Dolls.

Haru's brothers have a holiday all their own. It is the Feast of Flags. On this day a big paper fish is hung outside the door of every house where there is a boy.

The boys take part in a play battle. They carry wooden swords and red and white flags. The side that gets the most flags away from the other side wins the battle.

It is very pleasant to be a child in Haru's country. If I lived there, I think I should not like to grow up.

THE MOON

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

Henry W. Longfellow

THE OLD MAN WHO MADE THE TREES BLOSSOM

I

Long, long ago there lived in Japan an old man and his wife who were very lonely. To comfort them, they bought a dog, which they named Shiro.

O jii San and his wife, O baa San, grew very fond of Shiro and treated him kindly. In return for their kindness, the dog did all he could to help them.

Next door to O jii San and O baa San lived two ill-natured old people. They hated Shiro, for no reason at all. He had never done them any harm.

One day O jii San heard Shiro barking loudly in the garden. "Shiro must be barking at the crows," he said, as he went out to see what was the matter.

He found the dog digging up the ground at the foot of a tree. As he bent over to look into the hole, O jii San caught sight of something shining. It was a golden coin!

He ran for his hoe, and after digging a few minutes, he found a pile of golden coins.

O jii San was so excited that he was hardly able to stand. He called his wife, and together they carried the money into the house.

The very next day their neighbor came in, bowing politely. "Will you be so kind as to let me borrow Shiro for a while?" said he.

O jii San thought this very strange. But being a kind old man, he said, "If Shiro can be of use, you may take him."

The neighbor at once took the dog home with him. Then he brought out a hoe and called his wife to join him.

They led Shiro into their garden, where there was a tree just like the one in O jii San's yard. At the foot of the tree, the old man pushed Shiro's nose into the ground. He pressed it down and hurt the poor dog very much.

Shiro was an obedient dog; but although he scratched hard, he could find no gold. Nothing but black mud came from the hole.

The man flew into a rage. "You are good for nothing, if you can dig up coins only in your own garden," he cried.

Alas, poor Shiro! The man beat him until he was dead, and then buried him in the hole under the tree.

II

O jii San soon came to get news of his dog. "Are you not ready to return Shiro to us?" he asked.

"Do you want Shiro?" replied the neighbor. "I have just killed him."

"What! Killed Shiro?" said O jii San, in surprise. "Why?"

"Oh, he did all sorts of mischief here. He was good for nothing, so I killed him."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Shiro's master, weeping. "Poor thing! Poor thing!"

Then he begged his neighbor to sell him the wood of the tree under which Shiro was buried. The neighbor was willing, so O jii San cut down the tree and took it home.

Out of the wood he made a tub, and in the tub he made some very good cakes of millet seed. He wished to offer these cakes to the spirit of Shiro, according to the custom of his country.

Now a strange thing happened. O jii San put only a handful of millet seed into the tub, but it grew and grew until the tub overflowed. He had enough cakes to offer to Shiro's spirit, and plenty left over for a feast.

The old neighbor heard of the wonderful tub and, of course, he wanted it. He came to O jii San, saying, "We should like to offer some cakes to Shiro's spirit in our house, too. Will you not lend us your tub so that we can make them?"

O jii San did not like to refuse, so he let the man take the tub.

The neighbors tried to make some cakes, but their millet seed changed to black mud as soon as it was put into the tub. The man flew into a rage and threw the tub into the fire.

III

O jii San was very sorrowful when he learned that his fine tub had been burned. I do not know what he was thinking of, but he asked for the ashes of the tub. Then he scattered a handful of the ashes in his garden.

A most wonderful thing happened! A plum tree and a cherry tree, which had been quite withered, went "pop" and burst into flower. Such beautiful blossoms had never been seen before.

Every one talked about those wonderful blossoms, and even the great duke heard of them. He at once sent a messenger to O jii San's cottage.

"I beg you to come quickly to the palace and help us," said the messenger. "The duke's favorite cherry tree has withered and we cannot make it grow again. Will you let us have some of your wonderful ashes?"

"I shall be glad to do so," replied O jii San, bowing to the ground.

They hurried to the palace, and the duke himself led O jii San to the withered cherry tree. The old man took a few of the best ashes and threw them up at the branches. "Pop!" went the tree and burst into bloom.

The duke was delighted. He invited O jii San to the palace, where they had a great feast. He gave him money and loaded him with presents.

He also called him by a Japanese name which means "O jii San who makes the cherries blossom." Every one thought that this was a beautiful name.

When the old neighbor heard of O jii San's good fortune, he was more angry than ever. He took some common ashes from his fire and went through the streets crying, "I am the old man who makes the cherries blossom. Who wants his trees to bloom?"

The duke called him into the garden of the palace and told him to try his ashes on one of the withered trees.

The man took a few of the ashes and threw them at the tree, but the withered tree remained a withered tree just the same! So he threw some more, and some more, and then, with all his might, he threw the whole basketful of ashes.

The wind blew the ashes all over the garden and even into the eyes of the great duke. At this, the duke ordered his servants to bind the man with ropes and put him in prison.

But O jii San, having the gold that Shiro had found for him and the presents from the duke, became a rich man and lived happily ever after.

A Japanese Fairy Tale

THE WINTER IS PAST

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

From The Song of Solomon

THE MAN WHO OBEYED ORDERS

A king in the East was once in need of a servant who could be trusted to do what he was told. After thinking a long time, the king found a way to get one.

He let it be known that he needed some one to do a day's work for him. Two men soon came and said they were ready to work.

The king told them what pay they would have for working the whole day, and then he gave each of them a wicker basket.

" Take these baskets into the garden," said the king. " There you will find a well. Fill the baskets with water from the well."

That was strange work, indeed. As fast as the men drew up water from the well and poured it into the wicker baskets, it all ran through the small holes. They could not fill the baskets.

One of the men soon became tired of it.

" What is the use of doing this foolish work ? " he said.

But the other man said, " The use of the

work is the king's affair, not ours. We have been hired to do his work."

"Well, you may do as you like," said the first man. "I'll not let them make a fool of me any longer." So he threw down his basket and walked away.

The other man went on drawing water from the well and pouring it into his basket till near the end of the day. At last he looked down into the well and saw that it was almost empty.

He took one more bucket of water from the bottom of the well, drew it up, and poured it into his basket. Then suddenly he stooped and looked closely at the bottom of the basket.

There lay a little shining thing, brighter than silver. He picked it up carefully in his fingers. It was a beautiful ring.

The man stood looking at it. "Now I see the use of pouring water into the basket," he said. "The work was not useless after all."

He took the ring to the palace and laid it before the king.

"You have obeyed me so well in this strange work," said the king, "that I can trust you in work of a better kind. From this time you shall be my servant."

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT

There was once a king in the far East who had a tame elephant of which he was very fond. One day it happened that the king was in great danger and the elephant saved his life.

The king wished to do something to show how thankful he was. He decided to give a large sum of money to the poor people of his country. He wished to honor his elephant too, so he said he would give as much silver as would equal the weight of the elephant.

Now this was a great gift, indeed. But how were they to know how much the elephant weighed? How could any one weigh him?

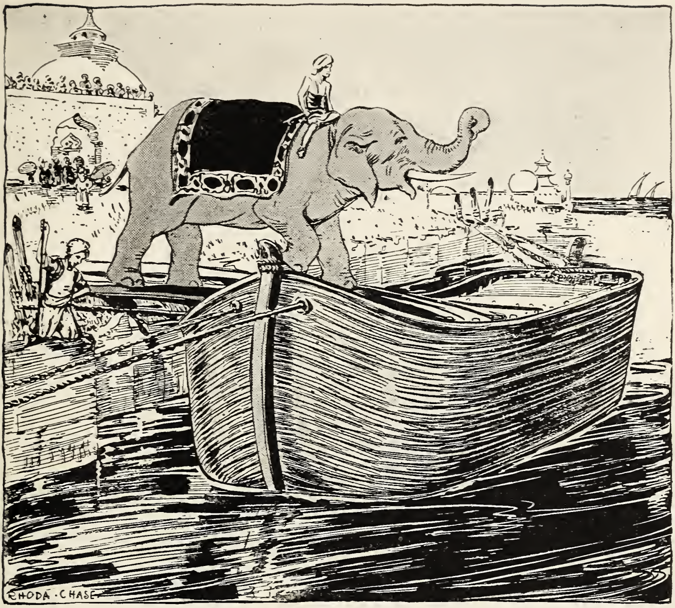
No one in the world had ever weighed an elephant. There were no weighing machines big enough. What was to be done?

The wise men of the court thought and thought. After they had thought as hard as they could, they all shook their heads; they did not know how to weigh an elephant.

They sent to countries round about and asked if any wise men there could tell them. But no one could.

At last a poor sailor in the king's own country thought of a way to do it. He built a boat, very large and strong. When it was finished, he tied it close to the shore and laid strong planks across from the land, so that he could walk back and forth.

Then the sailor went to the king. "May I drive the elephant down to the shore?" he



asked. "I think I can show you how to weigh him."

The king thought this was very strange, but he said, "You may try."

The sailor drove the elephant down to the shore and across the strong planks.

As soon as the elephant stepped into the boat, it began to sink lower in the water.

At this, all the people cried out, "The elephant will drown! The elephant will drown! Make him bring the elephant back!"

The sailor said nothing, but waited quietly while the boat settled down into the water. Before long it stopped sinking, and then he let the elephant come back to the land.

As soon as the elephant stepped off, the boat rose in the water. As it did so, the people saw that the outside of the boat was wet for some distance above the water. This showed just how far the boat had sunk while the elephant was in it.

The sailor drew a white line around the outside of the boat at the place where the wet mark of the water stopped. Then he turned to the king's servants who stood near.

"Go and fetch the silver," he said, "and make ready to weigh it."

The servants obeyed, while all the people laughed at this sailor who was doing such strange things.

When the bags of silver were brought, the sailor told the servants to load them on the boat. As the money was poured in, the boat began to sink down in the water, as before. Lower and lower it sank, while the great pile of silver grew.

"Hold," cried the sailor at last, and he pointed to the outside of the boat. The white mark had sunk again to the water's edge.

In the boat lay the king's gift to the poor of his country — as much silver as would equal the weight of his favorite elephant.

MAY

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day,
She teased the brook till he laughed outright
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright, young May.

George Macdonald

COCK–ALU AND HEN–ALIE

I

Cock-alu and Hen-alie sat on the perch above the bean-straw. It was four o'clock in the morning, and Cock-alu flapped his wings and crowed.

Then turning to Hen-alie, he said, "Hen-alie, my little wife, I love you better than all the world; you know I do. I've always told you so.

"I will do anything for you. I'll go round the world for you; I'll travel as far as the sun for you. You know I would. Tell me, what shall I do for you?"

"Crow!" said Hen-alie.

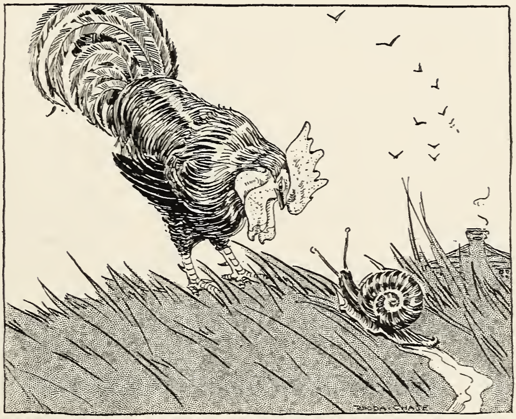
"Oh, that is such a little thing!" said Cock-alu, and he crowed with all his might.

The next morning at breakfast, as Hen-alie was picking beans out of the bean-straw, one of them stuck in her throat. She was soon so ill that she was almost ready to die.

"Oh, Cock-alu," said she, calling to him, "run and fetch me a drop of water from the silver-spring in the beechwood. Fetch me a drop quickly, while the dew is in it, for that is the true remedy."

Cock-alu was so busy crowing that he took no notice.

"Oh, Cock-alu, do run and fetch me the water from the silver-spring, or I shall die."



Cock-alu heard her this time and set off, crowing as he went. He had not gone far before he met the snail.

"Where are you going, snail?" said he.

"I'm going to the cow-cabbage," said the snail. "What is it that takes you out thus early, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the beechwood, to fetch a drop of water for my wife Hen-alie, who has a bean in her throat," said Cock-alu.

"Oh," said the snail, "run along quickly and get the water while the dew is in it, for nothing else will get a bean out of the throat.

"Don't stop by the way. The bull is coming down to the silver-spring to drink, and he will trouble the water. Gather up my silver trail, however, and give it to Hen-alie with my love. I hope she'll soon be better."

Cock-alu hastily gathered up the silver trail which the snail left. "This will make Hen-alie a pair of stockings," said he, and went on his way.

II

He had not gone far before he met the wild-cat.

"Good morning, friend," said Cock-alu. "Where are you going this fine morning?"

"I'm going to get a young wood-pigeon for my breakfast, while the mother is gone to the field," said the wildcat. "And where are you traveling, Cock-alu?"

"I'm going to the silver-spring in the beechwood," replied Cock-alu. "I must get a drop of water for my little wife Hen-alie, who has a bean in her throat."

"That's a bad business," said the wildcat. "But a drop of water with the dew in it is the right remedy. Don't let me keep you. You had better make haste, for the woodman is on his way to cut a tree by the spring. If a branch falls into it, the water will be troubled.

"Off with you! But carry a flash of green fire from my right eye and give it to Hen-alie with my love. I hope she'll soon be better."

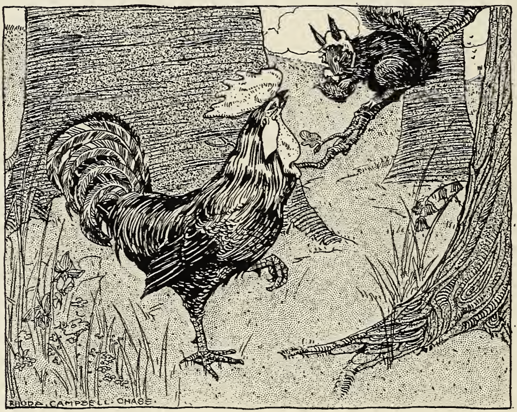
"Oh, what beautiful green light, just like the green on my best tail-feathers! I'll keep it for myself. It's better for me than for Hen-alie," said Cock-alu.

So he hung the green light on his tail-feathers, and it made them very handsome.

On he marched and before long he reached the beechwood. He had not gone far in the wood before he met the squirrel.

"Good morning, squirrel," said he. "What brings you abroad so early?"

"Early, do you call it, Cock-alu?" said the squirrel. "Why, I've been up these four hours. I just stopped to give the young ones their breakfast, and then set off to the silver-spring. I wanted a drop of water while the dew was in it for my poor old husband, who lies sick abed.



"There is nothing like water with dew in it. I have it here in a cherry leaf. And, pray you, what business takes you abroad, Cock-alu?"

"The same as yours," replied Cock-alu. "I'm going for water too, because my wife Henalie has a bean in her throat."

"Ah, well-a-day," said the squirrel, "that's a bad thing! But run along, for the old pig is coming down with her nine little pigs. If they trouble the water, it will be too late for poor little Hen-alie."

Then the squirrel leaped into the oak tree, for that was her way home.

"Humph!" said Cock-alu. "She might have given me some of the water out of her cherry leaf for my poor little Hen-alie."

So saying, he walked on through the beech-wood; and as he met no more friends, he soon reached the silver-spring.

III

It was now noonday, and there was not a drop of water in the spring. The bull had been down and drunk, and the pig and her nine little pigs had walked through it. Besides that, the woodman had cut the tree, and it lay across the spring.

Cock-alu had come too late. There was not a drop of water for poor little Hen-alie.

When Cock-alu saw this, he was very sorry.

He did not know what to do. He stood a little while thinking. Then he set off as fast as he could go to beg a drop of water from the squirrel.

When he reached the squirrel's house, he found no one at home. He knocked and knocked for a long time, and at last he walked in.

He peeped into the pantry to see if he could find the water. There were plenty of hazel-nuts and beech-nuts — heaps of them, all laid up in store for winter — but no water.

At length he saw the curled-up cherry leaf, like a water jug, standing at the squirrel's bedside. It was empty; there was not a single drop in it.

"This is a bad business," said Cock-alu to himself, and turned to leave the house. At the squirrel's door he met the woodpecker.

"Woodpecker," said he, "where has the squirrel gone? I want to beg a drop of water from the silver-spring for my wife Hen-alie, who has a bean in her throat."

"Lack-a-day!" said the woodpecker. "The

old squirrel drank every drop. He lay sick in bed this morning, but there was such remedy in the water that he got well as soon as he drank it. Now he has taken his wife and the little ones out for an airing."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" groaned Cock-alu.

With that, he came down from the old pine tree where the squirrel lived and set off on his way home. When he came out of the beechwood, it was getting towards evening.

IV

At length Cock-alu reached his own yard. There was the perch on which he and Hen-alie had so often sat. There was the bean-straw, and there lay poor Hen-alie just as he had left her.

He crowed loudly as he came up, so that he might put a cheerful face on the matter.

"Hen-alie, my little wife," said he, "I have been very unlucky. I could not get you any water, but I have something very nice for you. I have brought you a pair of silver stockings, which the snail has sent you."

"Thank you," said poor little Hen-alie, in a weak voice. "I wish you could have brought me some water. I'm afraid that the silver stockings will do me no good."

"I could not bring water, for the silver-spring is dry," said Cock-alu, feeling very unhappy and yet wishing to excuse himself.

"Oh dear," sighed poor little Hen-alie.

"Don't be down-hearted, my little wife," said Cock-alu, trying to seem cheerful. "I will give you something better than all. I will give you the flash of green fire from the wild-cat's right eye, which he gave me to wear on my tail-feathers."

"Alas!" sighed poor little Hen-alie, "what good will it do me? Oh, that somebody had loved me well enough to fetch me only one drop of water from the silver-spring!"

V

All this time something very pleasant was happening.

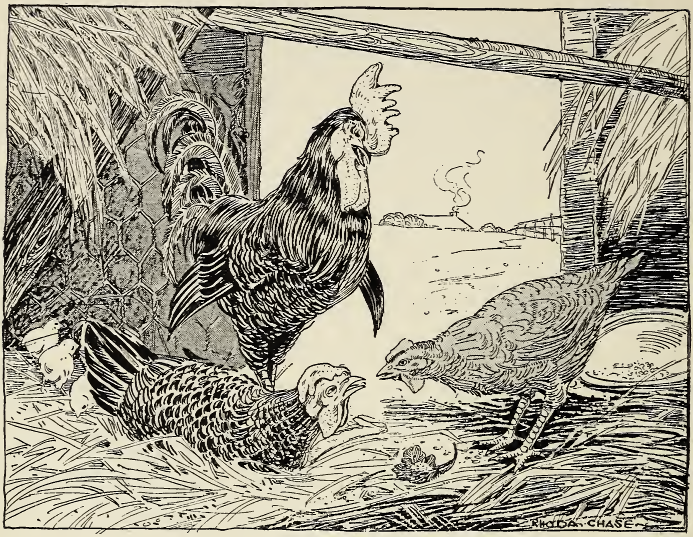
In the poultry-yard there was a shabby little drab-colored hen whom nobody loved. Cock-alu would not look at her, nor Hen-alie either. She had no tail-feathers at all, and her long legs looked as if she had borrowed them from a hen twice her size.

All the time that Cock-alu was out on his errand, she had been comforting Hen-alie in the best way she could. She was there when Cock-alu came back without a single drop, and only offered the silver stockings instead.

Without saying a word, the little hen set off as fast as her long legs could carry her. The owls were hooting from one end of the wood to the other, but she took no notice of them. On she went, thinking only of what she had to do.

In a wonderfully short time she reached the silver-spring. It was now flowing as clearly as ever, and the evening dew had dropped into it.

The little hen gathered up twelve drops of water and hurried back as fast as she could go. Just as she came into the yard, she heard poor Hen-alie saying, "Oh, if only I could have one drop of water from the silver-spring!"



"Here it is!" cried the shabby little hen, and she put one drop after another into Hen-alie's beak.

The first drop loosened the bean, the second softened it, and the third sent it down her throat.

Hen-alie was well again, and Cock-alu began to flap his wings and crow for joy. The little hen turned quietly away to her lonely perch.

"Nay," said Hen-alie, "you must not go

away. See, here is a pair of silver stockings for you. Here is green fire too, which will make the most beautiful feathers in the world grow all over your body. Take them all, you good little thing. To-morrow morning you will come out the handsomest hen in the yard."

So it was. There must have been magic in those silver stockings and that green fire, for the shabby little thing was changed into a beautiful queen hen.

The farmer's wife thought she must have strayed away from some strange country, and gave her a famous breakfast. And you may be sure that Hen-alie sang her praises as long as she lived.

Mary Howitt (*Adapted*)

WHERE IS GOD?

In the sun, the moon, the sky,
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing —
God is seen in everything.

A COVETOUS NEIGHBOR

There was once a poor and lonely man who had a few melon seeds and grains of corn which he planted. He cared for them tenderly, as the garden was his only way of getting a living. And it came to pass that the melons and corn grew fast.

The monkeys from the woods near by came daily to eat the fruit of the garden. As they ate, they talked of the owner and wondered why he allowed them to eat his melons. But the poor man was always kind to animals and he willingly shared his fruit with them.

One day the man lay down to rest under a tree in his garden.

As the monkeys drew near, they saw him lying there very still. They cried out together, "See! the man is dead! Lo, these many days we have eaten his fruit. It is right that we should bury him in the best place we can find."

The man kept quiet, so that he might see what the monkeys would do.

They lifted him, and carried him until they

came to a place where two ways met. Then one of the monkeys said, "Let us take him to the cave of silver." Another said, "No, the cave of gold would be better."

"Go to the cave of gold," commanded the head monkey. There they carried him and laid him to rest.

Finding himself alone, the man arose and gathered all the gold he could carry. He returned joyfully to his old home, and with the gold he built a beautiful house.

"How did you gain all this gold?" asked a neighbor. "You are only a gardener." So the man told all that had happened to him.

"If you did it, I too can do it," said the neighbor. He hastened home, and made a garden, and waited for the monkeys to feast in it.

All came to pass as the neighbor hoped. When the melons were ripe, the monkeys came to the garden and feasted.

One day they found the owner lying in the garden, as if he were dead, and they made ready to bury him.

As the monkeys carried him away, the man was thinking, "I'll gather gold all day. When I have more than I can carry in my arms, I'll make a basket and fill it also."

They soon came to the place where the two roads met. There the monkeys disputed as to whether they should place the man in the cave of silver or in the cave of gold. "Put him in the cave of silver," said the head monkey.

"Oh," thought the man, "I shall lose the gold!" And he suddenly cried out, "No, no! Put me in the cave of gold."

The monkeys were badly frightened. They dropped the man and fled, while he crept sadly home.

A STORY FROM INDIA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

One November day about a hundred years ago, a boy stood looking through the windows of a newspaper office. He could hear the men at work printing the next morning's paper. As he listened, he shivered with cold and excitement.

At last he ran home and told his sister that he had a secret. They whispered together a long time. It was a very exciting secret!

The next morning when the paper was brought to their door, the children hunted through it until they found some verses signed "Henry." There it was! It was a poem called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," which this little boy had written.

They could hardly wait for their father to finish reading the paper. When he finally laid it aside, Henry and his sister read the poem again and again. How well it looked in print!

This boy was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. When he grew up, he became one of the most famous men in America. He wrote poems that have been read by people all over the world. He is sometimes called the best loved of all the American poets.

Longfellow spent most of his life in Cambridge, where he was a professor at Harvard College. As he walked through the streets of Cambridge, he often stopped to watch a blacksmith at work in a shop near his home. He wrote about this blacksmith in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." The poem begins,

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

There was a real chestnut tree standing by that blacksmith shop in Cambridge. When Longfellow was an old man, this tree was cut down, and from its boughs an armchair was made.

The school children gave money to pay for the chair, and it was given to Mr. Longfellow on his birthday, when he was seventy-two years old.

Longfellow was always very much interested in Indians. His first poem, which was printed in the newspaper in Portland, Maine, was about Indians. It told the story of a battle with Indians which had been fought near his home.

Years afterward Longfellow wrote a poem about one of the Indian heroes, Hiawatha, the son of the West Wind.

The following selection from the poem tells about Hiawatha, when he was a little boy living in the forest with his grandmother Nokomis. She talked to him about the fireflies and the owls, the moon and the rainbow, the birds and the beasts.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
“Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”
And the good Nokomis answered:
“Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
’Tis her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,

When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HOW A LITTLE INDIAN BOY FIRST MADE MAPLE SUGAR

One day Nokomis said to Hiawatha, "My child, to-day I will give you a surprise for your dinner. Come, we will go out to the maple grove. But first, gather some strips of birch-bark."

Hiawatha had no idea what was going to happen, but he ran quickly and gathered the birch-bark. Then he watched his grandmother cut some of the small pieces of bark into narrow strips. She used these strips for thread and sewed the larger pieces of birch-bark together to make little pails.

Taking these pails on her arm, she said to Hiawatha, "Now we are ready to go to the maple grove. You shall cut holes for me in the bark of the trees, and into each hole we will drive a little piece of wood with a groove cut in it. Then I will show you my surprise."

So Hiawatha cut the trees and drove the little wooden spouts into the holes. Nokomis went from one tree to another and hung a birch-bark pail on each wooden spout.

The little boy followed her, wondering what would happen next. At last they came back to the first pail.

Hiawatha peeped into it. What was this? A thick brown sirup all over the bottom of the pail! He stirred it with his finger and tasted it.

"Oh, Grandmother, how good it is!" he cried.

"Yes," said Nokomis. "It is maple sirup and will soon turn to maple sugar."

"But will everybody be able to get sugar as easily as this?" asked Hiawatha.

"Yes," said Nokomis, "as soon as you have taught them how."

"Well," said Hiawatha, who was a wise little boy although he was so young, "that will never do, for all the people will grow lazy then. No. I shall have to think of a way so that people must work for their sugar."

After thinking a moment, he took his pail down to the brook and filled it with water. Then he climbed to the top of one of the trees and sprinkled water over the maples, like rain. After that the sirup, when it ran down, was thin and clear.

"Now," said Hiawatha, "our people will have to boil that thin sap to get the sugar. They mustn't get lazy for want of work."

Ever since that time maple trees have had thin sap, and the people have had to boil the sap a long while to get maple sugar.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN MYTH

THE BAG OF WINDS

A long time ago a great hero named Ulysses went to war. After many years, when the war was over, Ulysses and his men set sail in their ships to return to their own land.

Many things happened to them before they reached home. They visited strange lands and saw strange people. Often they were in danger of shipwreck. They fell into the hands of wicked giants and barely escaped with their lives.

Once as they were wandering about, they came to a beautiful island which was the home of Æolus, the king of the winds.

Æolus kept all the winds shut up in a cave. At his command, the wild north wind came forth with its ice and snow. Sometimes he sent out the warm breeze from the south, and sometimes the wind from the east, which carried rain to plants and trees.

Æolus was glad to see Ulysses and his men. They stayed with him for many days, feasting and making merry.

When at last they set sail, the king of the winds gave Ulysses a great bag tied with a silver cord.

"Keep this carefully," he said, "and do not open it till you are safely home. I have shut up in this bag all the winds, except the strong west wind which will take you home. As long as you keep the bag closed, you will be safe. If you open it, the winds will rush out and drive you wildly over the sea. Now, farewell!"

You may be sure that Ulysses promised to take good care of the bag of winds. He hung it up carefully on the mast of his ship and told the sailors not to touch it.

This made the sailors very curious. They looked often at the bag, wondering what treasure it held.

For nine days and nights Ulysses and his men sailed over the sea. The strong west wind carried them merrily along towards home.

All this time Ulysses never slept. He was afraid something might happen to the bag of winds. But at last on the tenth day he grew so tired that he fell asleep.

When the sailors saw that Ulysses was sleeping, they said to one another, "Now is our chance to see what is inside the bag. Let us look. Ulysses will never know."

So they loosed the silver cord. In an instant out rushed the winds with a great roar.

Poor Ulysses leaped to his feet at the sound. He knew at once what had happened. But it was too late. He could not get the winds back into the bag.

The waves dashed over the side of the ship. It was tossed about like a leaf before the winds that blew in every direction.

The storm raged for many days, and the ship was carried far out of its path across the sea. It was only after much toil and many dangers that Ulysses and his men came again to their own land.

A Greek Story

FAITHFUL ARGUS

Year after year, Ulysses wandered about on land and sea, but at last he reached his own country. As he walked slowly back to his palace gates, he wondered if his wife and son were safe and well.

It was twenty years since he had gone away to a distant land to fight in the great war. He had gone out a brave young soldier in shining armor. He came back like a poor old beggar, ragged and weary.

When he reached the palace, the dogs in the courtyard barked at him, and the servants tried to drive him away. No one guessed that he was the great Ulysses. Even his wife and son did not know him.

Close by the door, an old dog lay in the sunshine. It was Argus, once the swiftest dog of the pack, the favorite of Ulysses. Now he was old and lame and nearly blind.

As Ulysses came near, the dog raised his head and sniffed the air. A look of great joy came into his eyes. He tried to rise, wagging his tail feebly.

Ulysses stooped and patted his head. The dog barked joyfully and tried again to rise. Then he fell back dead, at the feet of his master.

The faithful dog knew his master and was the only one to welcome him home.

A GREEK STORY

A FLIGHT THROUGH THE SKY

Long years ago there lived on an island far away a man named Dædalus.

Dædalus was famed throughout the land for his skill with his hands. No other man of his time was so clever in building. His mind was always full of plans to make something new.

But though he was held in great honor, Dædalus was really a prisoner. The king of the island knew how skillful he was and would not let him go away.

As time went on, Dædalus grew weary of his life on the island and wished to escape. But it was impossible for him to get away by sea. On every side the king's strong ships kept watch.

For a long time Dædalus wondered how he could escape. At last he hit upon a daring plan.

"The king may control the land and the sea," he said, "but he does not control the air. I will go that way."

No man had ever before tried to do what he planned to do. He planned to make two sets of wings, one for himself and one for his young son Icarus, so that they could fly away.

He set to work secretly collecting feathers, small ones and large ones. Then he made a light frame of wood, with cloth stretched over it. Very carefully he laid the feathers all over the frame, and held them firmly in place with wax.

Night after night he worked in secret, until at last he had finished a pair of wings. As soon as these were ready, he strapped them on his son's shoulders. He showed the boy how to flap them like a bird, and slowly young Icarus learned to fly.

Each night Dædalus worked on the second pair of wings, and each night Icarus tried his skill at flying.

At last all was ready. Early in the morning Dædalus and his son stole down to the beach, carrying their wings.

As the father strapped the boy's wings in place, he said, "Icarus, my son, be sure to keep the middle track. If you fly too low over the

sea, your wings will get wet. If you go too high, the heat of the sun will harm you."

Icarus promised, eager to be off. Then as Dædalus gave the word, they raised their wings and rose — up, up over the sea like great birds.

The morning sun shone on their feathers so that they glistened like gold. The cool air from the ocean touched their faces. A great thrill went through the boy as he felt himself soaring up through the morning air.

He forgot his father's warning. He swooped down to the waves, and then rose again higher and higher into the sky.

Suddenly, before he could stop himself, he had flown too near the hot sun. The burning heat melted the wax. The feathers loosened and fell in a soft shower into the water.

In vain Icarus flapped his arms. His wings were now useless. Down he dropped — down, down to the sea.

"Icarus," cried his father, "Icarus, where are you?" No answer came to him. Only the feathers floating on the water showed him what had happened.

Poor Dædalus flew on till he came safely to land. But he was so sad at the loss of his son that he never used his wings again.

A Greek Myth

MOUFFLU

I

Lolo and Moufflu were the best of friends. Moufflu was the biggest and whitest poodle in the city of Florence, and Lolo was a little lame boy, his master. They lived with Lolo's mother and brothers and sisters under the shadow of a great cathedral.

They were all happy and merry, except when they did not have enough to eat, which was very often, for they were poor. Lolo's mother worked, and his brothers and sisters worked, and Lolo worked as much as he could. But as he was lame, he could not do much. Most of the time he liked to sit by the door of the great cathedral where the people came and went.

One morning, as he sat on the steps in the sunshine, a strange gentleman stopped in front of him.

"What a pretty dog you have, my boy!" he said kindly.

"Moufflu is beautiful," said Lolo, with pride. "You should see him on Sundays just after he is washed."

"How old is your dog?"

"Three years old."

"Does he do any tricks?"

"Does he?" cried Lolo. "Why, Moufflu can do anything! Would you like to see him do his tricks?"

"Very much," said the gentleman.

So Moufflu walked on two legs, danced and played dead, begged and made a wheelbarrow of himself, and did everything else you could imagine.

The strange gentleman clapped his hands. "Your dog is very clever," he said. "Would you be willing to bring him to please a sick child I have at home?"

Lolo smiled and said he would. The man told him to come to a great hotel, and dropped two francs into Lolo's hand. "Come this afternoon," he said.

Lolo hurried home with the coins clasped tight in his hand.

"All because Moufflu did his tricks!" he cried, as he gave the money to his mother. "Now you can get the shoes you need, and the coffee you miss so much every morning, and — oh, almost everything!" Two francs seemed a great deal of money to Lolo.

II

That afternoon Lolo and Moufflu trotted up to the great hotel. They were shown into a beautiful room with gilded walls and velvet furniture.

There was the strange gentleman, and there on a couch lay a pale little boy. He spoke a strange language that Lolo could not understand, but from the way he clapped his hands, Lolo knew that he liked Moufflu's tricks.

The boy gave them crackers and cakes, which Lolo and Moufflu ate with great delight. And when at last the man sent them away, he put five francs into Lolo's hand.

As they trotted home, Lolo thought how fine it would be if a strange gentleman with a little sick boy came every day to their cathedral.

Alas for Lolo! He had not understood the sick child's cries as he and Moufflu had left the room. "I want the dog! I will have the dog! I want him!" the child had cried.

The next day the strange gentleman came to Lolo's home. He said that the sick child wanted the dog and was heart-broken when Moufflu was taken away. The man said that he would pay a thousand francs. Would they sell the dog?

The poor mother looked at the thousand francs that he held out, and then at Moufflu. Surely a dog was not worth that! Lolo loved him, to be sure, but a dog was a dog, and the

children were hungry, and there was nothing in the cupboard. At last she took the money, and the man carried Moufflu away.

That night when Lolo came home, no Moufflu ran to meet him.

"Moufflu! Moufflu!" he cried in a frightened voice. "Where is Moufflu?"

When they told him, he burst into tears.

The next day he was very ill, and the next, and the next. All the time he kept calling for Moufflu.

The old doctor shook his head. "What is this Moufflu that the boy calls for?" he asked. "Bring him that. It is the only thing that can help him."

The poor mother was heart-broken. She had never known that Lolo loved the dog so much.

She would gladly have bought Moufflu back, but alas! she could not. When they asked for the strange gentleman at the hotel, they were told that he had gone away. The servants shook their heads; they did not know where he had gone.

III

When they were all beginning to think that Lolo would never get better, Moufflu came back. Thin and dirty and caked with mud, he came dashing up the stairs one night at sunset. He was just as happy to see them as they were to see him. It seemed as if he would kill himself wagging his tail.

From that hour Lolo began to get better. He would hardly let the dog out of his sight. Ten days went by, and still his mother did not dare to tell him that Moufflu did not belong to them now.

No one knew where the dog had come from. Lolo's brother Tasso went to the hotel to seek for the strange gentleman, but he was not there.

Each day they expected some one to come for Moufflu. The mother wanted to buy him back with the thousand francs, which she had carefully saved. But what if the strange gentleman would not sell him? She did not dare to think of it.

At last one day when Tasso went to the hotel, he was told that the gentleman had returned. He was taken to the same room where Lolo had gone, and there he found the gentleman and the little boy.

He told them the whole story — how sick Lolo had been, how he had missed Moufflu, and how the dog had come back. He gave the thousand francs to the man and begged him to sell the dog. They would be glad to train another dog for the little boy, he said.

The man was silent a moment. Then he said, "He came alone all the way from Rome. He is a wonderful dog."

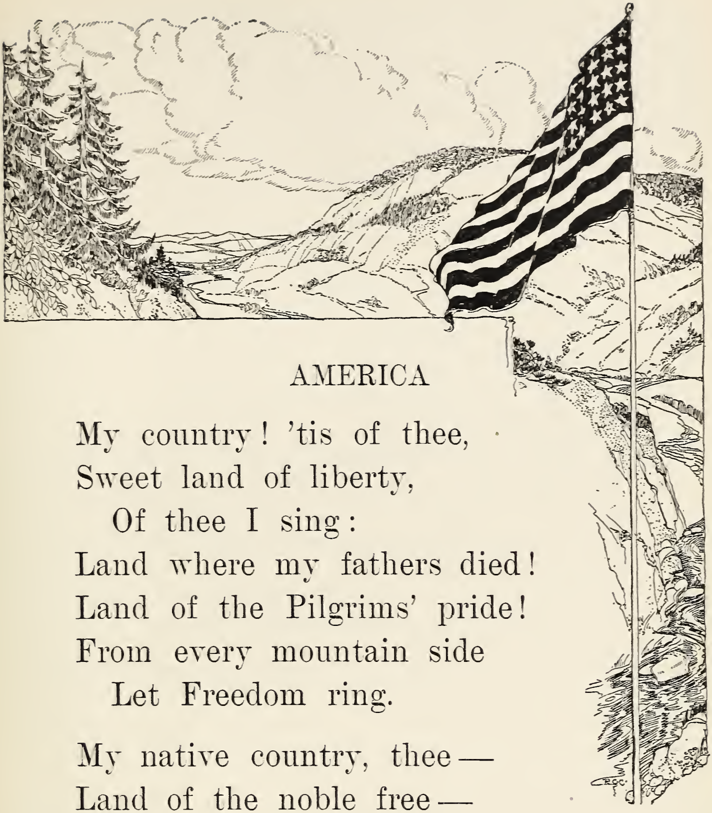
He turned to the child. "Did you understand?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" cried the child. "Let the little boy have Moufflu, Father. Please!"

The gentleman smiled and gave the money back to Tasso. "This is to pay for the new dog," he said. Tasso was so surprised and happy that he could scarcely thank the kind man.

So Moufflu and Lolo grew strong and well and happy again. In the shadow of the cathedral, they trained another dog. The other little boy said he was just as good a dog as Moufflu. but Lolo knew better.

Louise de la Ramée (*Adapted*)



AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith

THE STONE–CUTTER

I

When Momotaro was a little boy, he said, "If I ever grow up to be a stone-cutter and can go up with the men in the morning and cut the great rocks from the mountain side, I shall be happy."

Years went by and Momotaro grew big and strong. One morning early he took his hammer and set out with the men to climb the mountain and cut the rock from the mountain side.

It was a happy day for Momotaro. All day he swung his heavy hammer and laughed to see the great rock break and the chips fly about him. All day he worked in the hot sun, but he sang as he worked.

At night time, tired and happy, he came down the mountain. He was glad to eat his simple supper and go to bed. And so for many days he worked and sang.

But as time went on, he was not so happy. He grew tired of rising before the sun and climbing the mountain through the cold morning mist.

As he toiled, the hot sun beat down upon his back. The hammer blistered his hands. The sharp chips cut his face. He no longer sang at his work. Momotaro was tired of being a stonecutter.

One day when he had a holiday, Momotaro went into town. At noon he stopped to rest before a large house that stood in the midst of beautiful rose gardens.

The door of the house opened and a man came out. He was dressed in fine silks, as soft as spiders' webs and colored like the rainbow. Jewels sparkled on his hands. Momotaro watched him pick the roses and drop them into a great basket carried by a servant at his side.

"Ah, me," said Momotaro to himself. "This must be a rich man."

As he walked along the stony road that night, he looked at his blistered hands and thought of the rich man's jeweled fingers. When he came to his little hut at the foot of the mountain, he thought of the rich man's house in the midst of rose gardens.

He looked up at the mountain, where far above him the spirit of the mountain dwelt among the clouds and mists. He thought of how he must rise the next morning before the sun and climb up there to work all day in the burning heat.

"Oh, spirit of the mountain," cried Momotaro, "make me a rich man too, so that I may wear silks as fine as spiders' webs, and live in a beautiful house, and walk in rose gardens. Then shall I be happy."

The spirit of the mountain heard and smiled. That very night the little hut vanished. In its place stood a large house in the midst of rose gardens.

II

Momotaro was now a very rich man. He no longer had to rise before the sun and climb the steep mountain side. He no longer had to bend all day over his work while the hot sun beat down upon his head. He could walk all day in his rose garden if he wished. But he soon became very tired of it.

One day as he stood looking out over his garden wall, a golden chariot came dashing by. It was drawn by six white horses with golden harnesses glittering in the sun. A coachman dressed in white and gold sat up on the seat in front and cracked a golden whip.

In the chariot sat a prince, dressed in purple and cloth of gold. Over his head there was a golden umbrella to shade him from the sun, and a white and gold servant ran beside him to fan him with a golden fan.

"So this is the prince," said Momotaro to himself. "He is far greater than I. He rules the land for miles about. He rides in a golden chariot with a golden umbrella over his head, and a gold and white servant fans him with a golden fan."

Then Momotaro cried to the spirit of the mountain, "Oh, spirit, I am tired of being a rich man and walking in my rose gardens. Make me a prince who rules the land. Let me ride in a golden chariot, with a golden umbrella over my head, and a gold and white servant to fan me with a golden fan. Then I shall surely be happy."

Again the spirit of the mountain heard and smiled, and again Momotaro had his wish.

Straightway he became a prince. He lived in a fine palace. He had servants dressed in white and gold and he rode in a golden chariot with a golden umbrella over his head. He ruled the country round about, and rich and poor obeyed him.

"There is no one so great as I am," he cried. "Now I am really happy."

III

Then one hot summer day he rode through his lands in his golden chariot. The flowers drooped by the wayside. The fields were dry and brown. He looked up at the hot sun that poured its rays upon the dry ground.

"The sun is greater than I am," cried Momotaro in sorrow. "Oh, spirit of the mountain, what pleasure is it to be a prince and rule the land and ride in a golden chariot with a golden umbrella over my head? The sun will not obey me. I wish I were the sun. Then I should indeed be happy."

Straightway he was the sun. He laughed as he sent his rays down upon the backs of the poor stone-cutters on the mountain. He laughed as he saw the roses wither in the rich men's gardens, and princes try in vain to keep cool under their golden umbrellas.

"Ah, ha," he cried, as the earth turned brown and withered beneath his rays. "Now, I am really happy. I am the strongest thing in the whole wide world."

But his happiness did not last. One day a heavy cloud came between him and the earth. "Begone," cried the sun, and shone his fiercest. But the cloud still floated before him.

"Begone!" cried Momotaro again. "Do you not see that I am the sun, the greatest thing in the world?" But still the cloud did not move.

"Alas!" cried Momotaro, "this cloud is greater than I. Let me be a cloud, spirit of the mountain, that I may be happy."

Once more the spirit of the mountain granted

Momotaro's wish. He became a cloud. He hid the earth from the great sun and laughed at its rage. He sent cool showers upon the earth. The roses bloomed again. The fields grew green.

He laughed in joy at his power. He rained and rained till the rivers overflowed and the crops rotted in the ground. The land was flooded; whole villages were swept away.

Yet far up on the mountain side the rocks stood firm. Try as he might, Momotaro could not move them. He poured torrents of rain upon them, but they did not stir. Because of this, Momotaro was not happy.

"The rocks of the mountain side are mightier than I," he cried at last. "Let me be a rock, oh, spirit of the mountain, or I shall never be really happy."

The spirit of the mountain sighed a little. But it said, "Have thy wish. Be a rock."

IV

It was pleasant to be a rock. The hot sun poured down its rays and the clouds dropped their rain, but the great rock stood firm. Even the prince in his golden chariot and the rich man in his rose garden could not have moved it. Surely now Momotaro was happy. But his happiness did not last.

One day a man came to the mountain. Tap, tap, tap. The rock shivered as the hammer struck it. Tap, tap, tap. The rock split from side to side, and a great piece broke off and fell to the ground.

"Oh, spirit of the mountain," cried Momotaro in sorrow, "man is mightier than I. Change me once more to a man and I shall be happy and contented."

Then the spirit of the mountain smiled. "Be thou a man," it said.

So Momotaro became a man again. He became once more the poor stone-cutter who lived at the foot of the mountain.

Every morning he rose before the sun and climbed the mountain through banks of mist. All day he bent over his work while the hot sun beat upon his head. In the evening, very tired, he climbed down the mountain side and was glad to eat his simple supper and go to bed.

Yet Momotaro was happy. He had wished for many things and had tried them all. But in the end, he knew that the life of a stonecutter suited him best.

Once more he laughed to see the great rock break and the chips fly. Once more he sang at his work. He was contented with his lot.

A Japanese Fairy Story

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
    The stooping boughs above me,
    The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
    And the elm tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great, lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
    The winds would set them dancing,
    The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
    And sweetly sing.

O — no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

William Allingham

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

I

Once upon a time there was a man whose wife died and left him with a little daughter. After a while he married a fine, proud lady who had two daughters as proud as she was. They loved beautiful clothes and balls and parties and would have nothing at all to do with dish-washing and such things.

All the housework had to be done by the little stepsister, who was really much more beautiful than the other two girls, and as good as she was beautiful. She had to get up with the sun, carry the water, light the fire, cook and wash, and make the beds.

No wonder that when all this work was done, she was glad to sit down to rest near the cinders on the hearth. She had no other place, poor child. But because she sat by the cinders, the ill-natured sisters called her Cinderella.

Now it happened one fine day that the king's son took it into his head to give a grand ball.

The invitations came, all printed in gold and stamped with the king's red seal. The sisters were full of excitement.

"I," said the first sister, "shall wear my purple velvet and my necklace of pearls and diamonds."

"And I," said the second sister, "shall wear my dress of scarlet and gold. I am told that it is very becoming."

Poor little Cinderella said nothing. She was not invited. Indeed, the prince had never heard of her.

But you may be sure that Cinderella had enough to do in the days before the ball. First one sister called, "Cinderella, fix this sleeve." Then the other sister called, "Cinderella, press this ruffle." They wanted her help in everything.

At last the great day came, and at last Cinderella ran upstairs for the hundredth time, and stuck in the last pin, and fastened the last slipper. And then, since there wasn't another button to button or another string to tie, she crept back to the cinders.

As she sat there alone, she could not keep the tears back, for she had never been to a ball in her life, and she wanted to go very, very much.

II

Suddenly Cinderella sat up and opened her eyes wide. Across the hearth stood the dearest, queerest little lady she had ever seen — a dear little lady on a broomstick, with silver shoes and butterflies' wings and a gown like moonbeams and dew.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in a tinkling voice.

"I —" began Cinderella.

"Want to go to the ball," finished the little lady. "Well, so you shall. I'm your fairy godmother.

"Go fetch me a pumpkin,
A rat and six mice,
And a coach I will make you,
In less than a trice."

Cinderella was surprised. But as she had run a hundred errands that day, she was quite used to it and she quickly did as she was told.

As she came back, the little lady met her at the garden gate. "A very nice pumpkin," she said kindly. Then she waved her wand and whispered,

"And a coach I will make you,
In less than a trice."

Cinderella rubbed her eyes at the sight! Before her stood a wonderful golden coach drawn by six gray horses. On the seat sat a coachman with the biggest whiskers Cinderella had ever seen. They looked for all the world like a rat's whiskers.

Then she noticed that the rat wasn't there. Neither were the mice and the pumpkin. She started to say something about it, but her godmother broke in.

"Well, if I haven't forgotten the footmen! That's because they wouldn't go into the rhyme. Run, child, and get them — six green lizards in the far corner of the garden."

Cinderella ran, though she couldn't understand what it was all about. In a moment she came back with six green lizards.

The fairy godmother waved her wand once more, and the six green lizards became six footmen in neat green coats!

"Now you can go to the ball," she said.

Cinderella looked down at her rags.

"Well," said her godmother, just a little cross, "did you think I had forgotten that?" She touched Cinderella with her wand.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Cinderella. In the twinkling of an eye, her rags had been changed into

the most wonderful white satin gown, all covered with gold and silver and diamonds and pearls. There were pearls around her neck and in her curls, and behind her swept a train of cloth of gold.

"My child," said her godmother, nodding her head, "you look very well. But one thing more is needed." Then she held out a pair of the dearest little glass slippers, which fitted Cinderella perfectly.

"And now," said the little lady, "be off to your ball and have a good time. But be sure that you leave before twelve, for on the last stroke of the hour my fairy gifts will vanish."

Cinderella kissed her godmother and rode away in her golden coach, with the horses prancing, the coachman's whip snapping, and the little green footmen running along beside.

III

In the midst of the ball, the prime minister came rushing in to say that a stranger had come. "Such a beautiful coach!" he cried. "Such a beautiful lady! She must be a princess, at least."

The prince hurried out to meet the stranger. Everybody stopped dancing to look at her, and such a buzz of talk as went around.

As for Cinderella, she had never been so happy in her life. The prince danced with no one else — until suddenly the clock struck a quarter to twelve! Then Cinderella said good-by quickly and left the ball, though the prince begged her to stay.

Cinderella reached home just in time, for at the last stroke of twelve her fine coach changed to a pumpkin, her horses became mice, and all her fairy clothes turned into rags.

When the sisters came home, Cinderella ran to meet them. While she helped them fold up their finery, they talked of nothing but the beautiful stranger at the ball.

"Never," said the sisters, "was there such a beautiful princess, and such a gown, and such jewels."

Then they began to wonder whether the princess would come to the next night's ball. "'Tis plain," they said, "that the prince will enjoy it very little if she is not there."

"Oh dear," sighed Cinderella. "I should like to go to the ball with you."

"You!" cried the sisters. "A cinder girl like you at a ball!"

IV

The next night, after the sisters had gone, the fairy godmother came again. This time she sent Cinderella to the ball in even finer clothes than before. It was easy enough for the godmother to do this, when a tap of her wand would turn pumpkins into gilt coaches and beetles' wings into shining jewels.

The prince was so glad to see Cinderella that he never left her side. They danced and danced, while the hours flew swiftly by. Before Cinderella knew it, the clock suddenly began to strike twelve.

In great fright she turned and fled down the stairs. She was none too soon, for before she reached the castle gate the last stroke sounded. Instantly her beautiful clothes became rags.

The prince hurried after her. "Where, oh, where is the beautiful maiden?" he cried.

No carriage was in sight, and he could not find any one who had seen the beautiful stranger pass. But on the stairs he picked up one of Cinderella's little glass slippers, which she had dropped in her flight.

Poor little Cinderella ran home as fast as she could. She was just in time. Her sisters came soon afterward, quite excited and out of temper.

Such a time as they had had! The beautiful stranger had suddenly gone, leaving only a little glass slipper behind her. The prince was very unhappy, and the ball had broken up.

V

The next day there was great excitement. The king's crier went through the streets seeking the owner of the little glass slipper. The prince had said that he would wed her and no one else.

The order was given that every maiden in the land should try on the slipper. It was so small that the prince knew there was only one maiden who could wear it.

Each of the sisters tried as hard as she could. But the first sister could squeeze only the tip of her toe into the slipper, and the second sister could not even do that.

"May I try?" said Cinderella, who stood looking on.

"You!" said the sisters scornfully. But the king's crier had his orders, and he handed Cinderella the slipper. It fitted perfectly. The first sister screamed, and the second sister fell down in a faint. And then Cinderella drew out of her pocket the other slipper!

Instantly the news went out that the beautiful stranger had been found, and the prince came at a gallop to claim his bride.

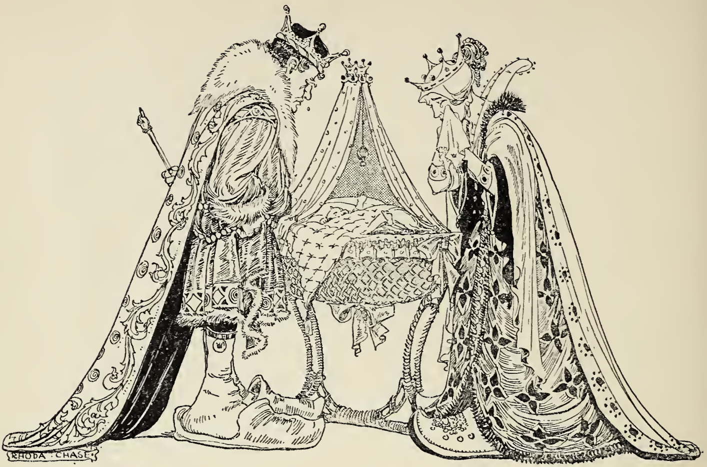
But the fairy godmother got there first, thanks to her broomstick. With a wave of her wand, she gave Cinderella all her wedding clothes.

So Cinderella married the prince, and she never would have had to wash a dish or bake a cake again, if she hadn't been a sensible princess and liked to do it.

After she went away to live in the king's palace, the cross sisters became quite changed. They learned to cook and bake and wash, for they didn't have Cinderella to do things for them any more.

After a while they began to be very much ashamed of the way they had treated Cinderella and they asked her to forgive them. So Cinderella forgave them and they all lived happily ever after.

A French Fairy Tale



HOW FAIRYFOOT MET ROBIN GOODFELLOW

I

Once upon a time in a far country there was a town called Stumpinghame. A queer name, isn't it? Well, Stumpinghame was a queer place.

It was a fine city, to be sure. It had seven windmills, a royal palace, a market-place, and two main streets. The people who lived there thought it was the finest city in the world. In fact, they said it was the *only* city in the world — and believed it, too.

Outside the city of Stumpinghame there were beautiful gardens. Beyond the gardens there were green fields. Beyond the fields there was pasture land and, last of all, a deep dark wood. And there, said the people of Stumpinghame, you came to the end of the world. Why they should have thought so, I cannot tell, for not one of them had ever tried to go any farther.

There were two reasons for this. The first reason was that the woods were said to be the home of the fairies, and the second reason was that the people of Stumpinghame were no travelers. All of them — men, women, and children — had feet so large and heavy that they could not have traveled if they had wished to.

No one seemed to know why, but it had always been the style in Stumpinghame to have large feet. King Stiffstep's feet were as large as any one could wish. His wife, Queen Hammerheel, was the greatest beauty in Stumpinghame, and her shoe was not much smaller than a saddle bag.

The king and queen had six fine large-footed sons. As the people of Stumpinghame often said, they were a credit to the town. So all went well until a seventh son was born.

Then there was trouble enough and to spare in the palace. For a while, no one knew what was the matter, but at last the news came out. *The seventh son had small feet!*

Never had such a dreadful thing happened in Stumpinghame. The ladies of the court could do nothing but weep, and for seven days all the flags in the city were hung at half-mast.

When the child was two months old, the king made up his mind that something must be done. "It is bad enough to have such a son," he said. "But my court shall not be made to suffer by looking at him all the time."

So off went the baby prince to the home of a shepherd who lived on the edge of the pasture land — that is, on the edge of the world.

II

And now I think it is time that this little prince had a name. He had had fourteen, poor child, when he was born. But no one ever troubled to remember them, least of all the shepherd and his wife.

They called him "Fairyfoot," and "Fairyfoot" he remained through all the country side. It was not a very fine name for a prince, but then, as the shepherd said, "It is a short and easy name, and quite good enough for him."

As time went by, the king seemed to forget all about Fairyfoot, and no one at court ever spoke about the child. Once a year the kitchen boy was sent to the shepherd's cottage with a bundle of clothes which had grown too small for the next older prince. That was all the trouble that Fairyfoot caused the king.

You would suppose that a prince would be well treated in a shepherd's home; but somehow the shepherd never could remember that Fairyfoot was a prince. He was such a poor, small-footed thing. He skipped and danced on his little feet in such a wild, fairy-like way. Even in a prince, it did not seem quite proper.

The shepherd's children did not like to play with him. It was no fun playing with a boy who always beat in the races. Poor little Fairyfoot was very lonesome sometimes. As he watched the other children at play, he wished and wished that his feet would grow, so that he could be like other people.

The years went by, and Fairyfoot grew to be a tall boy, strong and fair and rosy-cheeked, as fine a boy as you could hope to see — all but his feet.

"And now," said the shepherd's wife one day, "he is old enough and strong enough to work. I don't like to have him playing all the time with our children."

So Fairyfoot was sent each day to the far pasture on the edge of the wood. There he tended the sheep all day alone, and ran and jumped by himself to his heart's content.

One day, tired of his sport, he lay down to rest. Just as he was falling asleep, a robin flew into his cap, which lay on the ground beside him. Looking up, Fairyfoot saw that the robin was being chased by a great hawk. He quickly covered the little bird with his cap and beat off the hawk.

"Now you are safe, little robin," he said, as he raised the cap.

To his surprise, out hopped — not the robin, but a dear little brown man with a scarlet vest, who looked as if he were a hundred years old.

"Thank you, Fairyfoot," chirped the little man gayly. "Thank you. I'll do as much for you some day. Just call on Robin Goodfellow, and I'll be there." Then with a chirp and a nod, the little man was off.

THE FINDING OF THE PRINCESS MAYBLOOM

I

Time went by and summer came to Stumpinghame, and with it a grand holiday. Fires were lighted on the hills and there was fun in the village. Every one was out in his best shoes, and every one was making merry.

Poor Fairyfoot sat alone outside the crowd. No one wished to play with him, and it seemed to him that he had never been so lonely in all his lonely life. At last he remembered his little friend of the forest.

"Oh, Robin Goodfellow," he cried.

"Here I am," said a tiny voice at his elbow.

"Oh, Robin," said Fairyfoot, "I am so lonely, and no one will play with me because my feet are so small."

"Well, well," chirped Robin Goodfellow. "They look like very good feet to me. Come and play with us. We don't care about people's feet."

"Oh, don't you?" asked Fairyfoot.

"Of course not," said Robin. "What an idea!"

Away they went across the pasture and into the deep dark wood. They walked through paths where cowslips and violets bloomed, until they came to a little green room in the forest.

There in the moonlight many little people were dancing around a clear pool. Under beautiful rose trees stood tables loaded with cakes and milk and honey.

"Welcome, welcome!" cried the little people. "Come, eat and drink of the fairy food and be merry with us."

Never in his life had Fairyfoot tasted such food. As soon as he ate it, he forgot all his troubles. He forgot that he was lonely and tired and had small feet. He danced with the fairy people till the moon was low in the sky. Then when all the little night folks were hurrying home, Robin Goodfellow took him by the hand and led him back to the shepherd's cottage.

No one had missed him there. No one knew the next morning that he had not slept all night on his heap of straw in the corner.

So each night that summer Fairyfoot stole away with Robin Goodfellow to the little green room in the forest, and was as happy as the night was long. And though he danced all night and watched the sheep all day, he was never tired. Before the end of the summer, he found out the reason.

One night when the ripe corn stood in the fields, Fairyfoot and Robin came late to the forest. "I am not hungry," said Fairyfoot to himself, so he passed by the fairy food without tasting it.

He had always been able to dance as lightly as the fairies themselves, but that night he could not keep up with them. Their feet seemed like lightning. They skipped and danced like moonbeams on the water.

Fairyfoot did his best, but at last he had to give up. You see, it had been the fairy food that had always kept him from being tired, and he had not eaten that night. He dropped down to rest on the soft grass, and in a moment he was fast asleep.

When he awoke, two little fairies were

RHODA·CHASE

standing close beside him. "What a beautiful boy!" one of them was saying. "Quite like a king's son! See what fine feet he has."

"Yes," laughed the other fairy, and it was an unkind laugh. "Quite like the feet of the Princess Maybloom before she washed them by mistake in the Growing Well. Her father can't find a way to make them smaller, with all his money. Ha, ha! I could tell him a way. But only the nightingales and I know where the Fair Fountain is, and we won't tell."

"Of course," answered the other fairy, "you would not like to have crowds of people coming there to trample on the flowers. But won't you tell the princess? She is such a dear little princess and so kind to the forest people."

"Not I," cried the cross fairy. "Not I, indeed. Her father cut down the tree I loved best in all the forest, to make a chest to hold his money. I'll never tell her. Never, never, never!"

The fairies moved away to join the dance, and Fairyfoot sat up, wide awake. What could they mean? Why should a princess be sorry to have her feet grow? That was just what he wanted. Who was this princess? He had never heard of such a princess in Stumpinghame — and of course Stumpinghame was the only city in the world. Fairyfoot thought and thought.

When Robin came to take him home, he was still thinking. But he said nothing to Robin, for he thought that perhaps he ought not to ask any questions about the fairies.

II

The next day Fairyfoot could hardly keep his eyes open, and in the afternoon as he tended the sheep in the pasture, he fell asleep. Toward evening the shepherd took it into his head to go out to look at his sheep. When he found them straying about and Fairyfoot asleep under a bush, you may be sure he was cross.

"What does this mean?" he shouted, and he clutched his stout stick and started toward the boy.

At the sound of his voice, Fairyfoot awoke and took to his heels. And though the shepherd followed as fast as he could with his heavy feet, he was left far behind.

Fairyfoot ran into the forest and soon came to a stream. He followed it for many an hour, thinking that perhaps it would lead him to the fairies' dancing place. He did not find his little friends, but at last he came to a beautiful grove of rose trees, where hundreds of nightingales were singing. In the midst of the grove there was a fountain with lilies all about it.

Fairyfoot sat down to rest and listen to the nightingales. After a while, when he was half asleep, they stopped singing and began to talk together.

"What boy is that," asked one, "who sits so lonely by the Fair Fountain? He could not have come from Stumpinghame, for he has small feet."

"He must be from the west country," said a second nightingale. "How do you suppose he found his way here?"

"Easily enough," said a third. "All he had to do was to follow the ground ivy that grows over hill and dale from the gate of the king's kitchen garden to the foot of this rose tree. He looks like a wise boy. I hope he'll keep the secret, or we shall have all the west country here, dabbling in the Fair Fountain and leaving us no chance to talk or sing."

Fairyfoot sat for a long time and thought. So there *was* another country beyond the deep dark wood, just as the fairies had said — the country where the Princess Maybloom lived.

Fairyfoot stood up. "I will follow this ground ivy," he said, "and go to the west country."

It was a long journey. He traveled day after day, eating only wild berries for food. At night he slept in the hollows of trees. He never lost sight of the ground ivy, but followed it over hill and dale till he came to the gate of the king's kitchen garden. The gate had not been used for seven years, and it was so rusty that it would not open.

Fairyfoot climbed over and found himself in a beautiful garden. As he walked through the garden, a white fawn came frisking by and he heard a sad voice calling, "Come back, come back, my fawn. I cannot run and play with you, now that my feet have grown so large."

Looking around, Fairyfoot saw the loveliest princess in the world. She was dressed in white and wore a wreath of roses in her hair. Fairyfoot noticed that she was walking very slowly, as the people did in Stumpinghame. Then he saw that her feet were as large as those of the maidens at home, and he knew that this was the Princess Maybloom.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we frisk, the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all!
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we!

JOHN LYLY

THE FAIR FOUNTAIN AND THE GROWING WELL

I

"Dear Princess Maybloom," said Fairyfoot, falling on one knee before her, "I have come to help you. I know a fountain where nightingales sing. The water of that fountain is of such power that you need only dip your feet in it and they will return to their own true size. Beg the king, your father, to let you come with me, and I will lead you there."

When the Princess Maybloom heard this, she danced for joy, in spite of her large feet, and bade Fairyfoot follow her at once to the king's hall.

When the king saw Fairyfoot come into the room, very dirty and ragged, he frowned a terrible frown, and said in a loud voice, "Begone!" He thought, of course, that it was a butcher's boy who was looking for the kitchen.

But Princess Maybloom took tight hold of Fairyfoot's hand and led him up to the throne.

"No, no," she said to the king. "He is a very nice boy, and, Father, he knows a fair fountain which will change my feet back to their own true size. And, oh, may we not start at once?"

"Stuff! Nonsense!" cried the king. "If there had been such a place, would I not know it? I do not believe it. I say, I do *not* believe it. Take the boy away." The king shook his head so hard that his crown rattled around, and all the court looked frightened and stood first on one foot and then on the other.

But Princess Maybloom still held fast to Fairyfoot's hand.

"Why don't you take him away?" cried the king again. Then he turned to see why the queen was pulling at his sleeve.

"I was just going to say," whispered her majesty, "that the boy has very nice feet himself. Don't you think we might try it?"

"Eh?" said the king, looking hard at Fairyfoot for the first time. "What do you say, my dear? Nice feet? Why, so he has! Come here, boy, so that I can see you. Now tell me about this fountain of yours. Did you change your feet there?"

Fairyfoot bowed his prettiest bow. "Alas, no, sire," he answered sadly. "If I only could!" Then he told the king his whole story.

"Well," said the king, when he had finished, "I really believe you. Come," he added, turning to his court, "get on your hats, everybody. We shall set out in just fifteen minutes for the Fair Fountain; and if anybody is late, I'll — I'll not let him have a drop of it."

"No, your majesty," said Fairyfoot quietly, "that will never do at all. I cannot take your whole court to the Fair Fountain. I would not hurt the feelings of the fairies and the nightingales for the world. It would break their hearts to have a crowd of people there. If I take even the Princess Maybloom, she must promise never to tell any one else the way."

At this, the king started to fly into a rage. But the queen and the princess talked to him until at last he said the princess might go, if Fairyfoot would take also the prime minister, who almost never spoke, and one of the queen's maids-in-waiting, who said less than anybody else.

You see, the prime minister never said anything but what the king told him to say, and the maid-in-waiting had listened to the queen so long that she had forgotten how to talk. So they were safe people to take to a secret fountain.

Fairyfoot said that the prime minister and the maid-in-waiting might go, if they would promise never to tell anybody where the Fair Fountain was. So they all promised, and set off together by way of the ground ivy that led from the king's kitchen garden.

The prime minister was not very much pleased with the trip, for he did not like to live on wild berries. And though the maid-in-waiting was glad to go, she was a great trouble, because she kept tripping on her high heels and falling down. But the Princess Maybloom went on gladly without a cross word, in spite of her large feet, till they came at last to the Fair Fountain in the midst of rose trees.

The prime minister washed in the fountain, and all his wrinkles disappeared, and his face became like the face of a boy. The maid-in-waiting washed her face too, and straightway she became the fairest maid in all the west country.

Then the Princess Maybloom took off her red shoes and stepped into the water; and as soon as her feet touched it, they began to grow small. Three times she dipped them into the fair pool, and they became as small and beautiful as Fairyfoot's own. She danced with joy till the nightingales awoke and looked down in surprise. The prime minister danced too, and the maid-in-waiting danced, and all were happy, except Fairyfoot.

"Why do you not smile?" asked Princess Maybloom.

"Forgive me, dear princess," said Fairyfoot. "I was only thinking how fine it would have been, if there had been a fountain to make my feet large. Then the king, my father, would not have cast me out, to live with the cross shepherds."

"Why, there is such a fountain!" cried Princess Maybloom, "or at least there's a well, which is just as good. I'll take you there myself. That's the place that made my feet grow large. If you really want large feet, we'll follow the great bramble to the Growing Well. I know the way and I'd be glad to show you."

II

So Fairyfoot and the little princess set off by way of the great bramble, and soon came to the Growing Well. But just as Fairyfoot sat down beside it, he heard the sound of music.

"It's the fairies," he cried. "They're going to their dancing ground." He looked down at his feet and then at the Growing Well.

"If my feet grow large," he thought, "I can never dance with the fairies again."

Then he jumped up quickly, and catching hold of the princess's hand, set off for the fairies' dancing ground. The prime minister and the maid-in-waiting came behind, and following the music, they came in time to the little green room in the forest.

There they found Robin Goodfellow and all the little people, who were glad to greet Fairyfoot and the princess. So they ate of the fairy food and danced till the moon was low in the sky, and they were not tired at all. And when the day began to break, Robin Goodfellow took them home, just as he used to take Fairyfoot.

There was great joy in the king's palace when the Princess Maybloom returned with small feet. The bells rang, and the drums beat, and everybody had a holiday.

There was nothing the king was not willing to do for Fairyfoot. He had fine clothes and jewels and a place to sleep in the king's own palace.

"To think," said Fairyfoot to himself, "that I thought Stumpinghame was the only country in the world!"

Years went by, and Fairyfoot and the Princess Maybloom were married. Long before that, the people of Stumpinghame learned to be proud of this seventh son of the king, who had been born with small feet. He had really turned out very well, they all said, and he was a credit to Stumpinghame.

You see, the people of Stumpinghame thought that Fairyfoot's feet had really grown large, for every time he and the princess visited Stumpinghame, they washed first in the Growing Well. "The people of Stumpinghame," said they, "have been brought up to think that large feet are the finest kind of feet in the world, and we must not make them ashamed of us."

Yet when Fairyfoot and the Princess Maybloom returned to their own country, you may be sure they always stopped at the Fair Fountain; and as long as they lived, they never failed to go, every now and then, to dance with Robin Goodfellow and the fairy folk.

But they kept their word and never told another soul about it. As far as I know, the Fair Fountain is still clear and cool; the lilies still grow beside it; and the fairies and the nightingales play and sing there to their hearts' content.

Frances Browne (*Adapted*)

THE JEWEL OF GREAT PRICE

KING QUEEN STEWARD ALI HASSAN
TIME: Long Ago.

I

PLACE: The palace of the king.

QUEEN (*Enters hurriedly, weeping*): Alack-a-day, alack-a-day! My beautiful pearl ring is gone! The ring given me by the king of Persia! What shall I do!

KING: My lady, calm yourself and tell me plainly. Why do you weep?

QUEEN: Sire, as I walked in the garden, I turned my ring upon my finger — my pearl ring that was given me by the great king of Persia. I stopped by the well. Suddenly my ring dropped from my fingers — and fell. Ah, alas! I shall never, never see it again.

KING: In the well, do you say?

QUEEN: Yes, Sire, down to the bottom. Oh, what shall I do?

KING: Dry your eyes, my dear. Am I a king for nothing? Let me think.

He sits in deep thought.

I have a plan. Listen!

He speaks low to the queen.

QUEEN: A splendid plan! My husband, you are indeed a wise king.

KING: 'Tis nothing. I have long wished to find a faithful servant. Perhaps I shall kill two birds with one stone. Who knows? (*He calls aloud.*) Steward!

STEWARD: Sire?

KING: Steward, let it be known that I wish to hire servants. I will set them a task at once.

STEWARD: Yes, Sire.

The steward goes out.

II

The king and queen in the palace as before. The steward enters.

STEWARD: Sire, two men have been found who wish to enter your service.

KING: Bid them come in.

The steward brings in the two men. They bow low.

STEWARD: Sire, the men are before you.

KING: You wish to serve me?

MEN: Yes, Sire.

KING: Take these baskets and go into the garden. There you will find a well. I wish you to fill these baskets with water from the well.

ALI (*bowing*): Yes, Sire.

HASSAN: But, Sire —

KING: Peace! Would you serve me?

HASSAN: Yes, Sire.

KING: Then go. Do as you are bid.

The men bow low, take the baskets, and go out.

III

PLACE: The well in the garden.

The two men are drawing water from the well and pouring it into baskets.

HASSAN: This is a fool's work. Who could fill a basket with water?

ALI: 'Tis the king's business, not ours.

HASSAN (*throwing down his basket*): I tell you I will work no longer.

ALI: Why not? You are getting paid for it, aren't you?

HASSAN: What of that? There is no sense in the work.

ALI: Our king does not pay for useless work.

HASSAN: Well, do as you like. I shall not let them make a fool of me any longer.

He walks off. Ali goes on drawing up the water. Suddenly he bends over the basket and picks up a ring.

ALI: What! A ring — as sure as I'm alive! A ring of great price! Ah, now I see the use of the king's business.

IV

The king and queen in the palace as before. The steward enters.

STEWARD: Sire, the man whom you hired to fill the basket with water is here.

KING: The two men?

STEWARD: One man, Sire. The other left the garden some time ago.

KING: Bid him come in.

Ali enters and bows before the king.

ALI: Oh, King, I have failed in the task you set me. I have emptied the last bucket from the well, but I have not filled the basket. But, oh, King, I have found a jewel of great price.

QUEEN: My ring! My beautiful ring! My good man, you shall have a great reward.

KING: The task is done, and well done. You have been faithful in this strange business, and *that* is a jewel of great price. I am sure you will be faithful in greater matters. I have long sought a servant whom I could trust. Now I have found him.

WORD LIST

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